

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 3, 1962

25 CENTS

THE WEST'S AMAZING SKI RESORTS



WINTER WONDERLAND IN MONTANA



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Credit Card Binge

One slim white plastic rectangle, with your name on it, enables you to get rid of the oddball miscellany of cards you may have accumulated, perhaps without even trying, back in the days when credit cards were collected the way kids collect bubble gum cards.

The trouble with the credit card binge was that everybody got into the act, both ways. Thousands of places issued them, millions of men carried them. A status symbol quickly became a laughingstock. The only people who were really happy about the situation were the manufacturers of wallets. Herds of steers, hordes of pigs, and assemblies of alligators were slaughtered to provide the card carriers with their portable filing cabinets—and the tailors of America shuddered at what happened to a suit when a lumpy bundle of pasteboard and plastic was dumped into the pockets.

For Solid Citizens

Just when good old-fashioned cash was about to stage a triumphant comeback, the Hilton people issued a credit card that went to the head of the class, and remains there.

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These firms welcome Carte Blanche. We pay them faster than other national credit services do, and we charge them less for the service. So the Carte Blanche man is welcomed by them.

Help at Tax Time

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Carte Blanche has an honest face. If you already have an honest face, Carte Blanche gives you another. As you know, there are times when your own honest face isn't enough.

Money? Sure you need money to pay the bills we send you. But you don't need to tote a lot of it around. And Carte Blanche says things about you that mere money doesn't say—and can't.

It says, "He's good for this tab—and there's more where that came from."

It says, "This is a man worth knowing. Take excellent care of him. He deserves it."



Carte Blanche, 8544 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 69, California

THE CREDIT CARD THAT CARRIES MORE WEIGHT

Contents

DECEMBER 3, 1962 Volume 17, Number 23

Cover photograph by Anna Gerds

16 The Pros Pull a Double Reverse

Upset by Detroit, the Green Bay Packers showed signs of weakness, while the surging Giants continued to win

22 Something's Up in Syracuse

Nobody is supposed to challenge pro basketball's Boston Celtics, but the pesky Nats are trying

24 Two Goofs Kill the Gophers

Questionable penalties in the last minutes of play ruined Minnesota and brought victory to Wisconsin

26 Moscow's Misty Mystery

The secret police knew how to cope with underground terrorists, but these operated under water

28 Red Just Left of Center

Playmaking and lawmaking come with equal ease to hockey's rookie parliamentarian, Red Kelly

32 Sweet, Snowy Look of Success

Millions of dollars and fresh fervor among resort developers are opening up new skiing vistas in the West

86 A Dazzle of Christmas Gifts

Six pages of presents that will enable sportsmen (and women) to indulge in unalloyed glee

98 In Search of Giants

Charlie Mayo, philosopher and poet by training, has become the East's top team skipper

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 92 Bridge |
| 69 College Football | 96 Horse Shows |
| 76 Boxing | 117 For the Record |
| 79 Golf | 118 19th Hole |
| 80 Motor Sports | |

22

24

28

32

86

98

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Advertisements on page 117

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL: A special issue featuring a gallery of new stars, Roy Terrell writing of Duke's Art Heyman, scouting reports on the top 20 teams, and an instructional.

BYRON WHITE 25 years ago was just another good football player. But he held on to the ball and is still running. And so are the other 24 **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Silver All-Americans.

ARMY MEETS NAVY, and USC takes on resurgent Notre Dame in traditional games as the '62 college football season draws to a close. Reports from Philadelphia and Los Angeles.



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A
MAN
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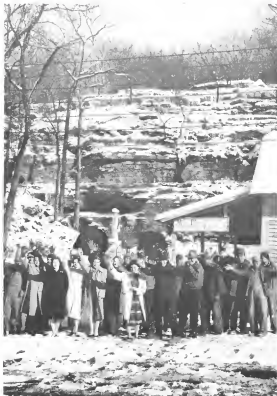
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A new concept in automotive design is embodied in the all-new 'Jeep' Wagoneer by Willys Motors. Unlike conventional station wagons, which are traditionally adapted from existing passenger car or truck chassis designs, the Wagoneer was developed exclusively as a station wagon—provides passenger car styling, comfort and convenience plus heavy-duty features that have made 'Jeep' ruggedness famous throughout the world. The Wagoneer is the first 4-wheel drive station wagon with optional automatic transmission and independent front wheel suspension. Budd is proud to have

done the product and tool engineering for the Wagoneer body, in addition to building the tools, jigs, dies and fixtures required for its production. We worked closely with Willys in producing the first prototype of this all-new wagon—and demonstrated once again that Budd has the complete personnel and facilities to undertake the biggest automotive jobs and see them through to a successful conclusion. This is just one of the many ways in which Budd skills and facilities are at work helping the automotive industry bring you ever finer cars year after year. Budd Automotive, Detroit 15.

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from all of us at
Jack Daniel's Hollow
Reagan Hoffman*



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NEW SKI FACILITIES

A guide to midwest ski resorts that have opened or added new facilities since last year. New lifts are followed by their length/vertical rise/capacity per hour. Also listed are the person, place and phone number to call for further information.

INDIANA

TANARACK MOUNTAIN COUNTRY CLUB, Angola New area with Poma double chair lift 1,200/750/800 and Poma lift 800 210/500, eleven runs, three advanced, five beginners, snow-making equipment covers all 200 acres, ski instruction available. Natural ice-skating rink, lodge with ski shop for rentals, parking for 500 cars. Telephone Chuck Priest, Angola 665-5919.

MICHIGAN

BOYNE MOUNTAIN, Boyne Falls Edelweiss Lodge has added 20 rooms; cafeteria enlarged; pro at airport expanded to include gas, oil and burger facilities. Telephone Chuck Moll, Boyne Falls 549-2411.

IRISH HILLS SPORTS PARK, Clinton New area with three Doppelmayr T bars 600/60/900, 710/105/1,100 and 750/165/1,150, 12 slopes (three expert, five intermediate), four instructors, snow-making equipment. Natural lake for ice-skating. Lodge with cafeteria, restaurant, ski shop for rentals. Parking for 900 cars. Telephone Bob Jackson, Onsted 461-7521.

JUBS NOR, Harbor Springs All existing slopes widened; 1,500-foot run added; snow-making equipment doubled to cover entire area. Parking for 500 cars. Telephone Jub Sarns, Harbor Springs 423.

PINE KNOS, Clarkston New area with two Riblet double chair lifts, 1,200/200/1,200 and 1,000/154/1,200, six slopes, snow-making equipment, night skiing. Lodge, ski shop with rentals, lounge, bar, cafeteria, restaurant, night club. Parking for 1,500 cars. Stein Eriksen, Norway's 1952 Olympic gold medal slalom winner, directs ski school. Telephone Don Riddell Jr., Clarkston, MI 4-5833.

SHANTY CREEK, Bellare New area; Heron single chair lift 900/217/350, plus T bar, six trails. Lodge located at top of hill with 108 rooms, dining room, lounge, ski shop with rentals; heated pool, natural ice rink. Also on the property are an 18-hole golf course and an airport with 5,000-foot runway. Telephone Pete Martin, Bellare, JE 3-1813.

continued



Relaxing at a West Michigan fireside, in one of Michigan's many fully developed winter sports areas.

SKIING GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU WONDERFULLY WEARY

What better proof of perfect skiing than the happy tired feeling that follows at night? Michigan is famous for it. From December to March, every breath is spiked with winter. Every daylight hour is frosted giddy white. And every night and every corner of the state is equipped with its own particular simmering fire. Ever since skiing first began, people have come to Michigan for the gentle slopes and twisting slaloms and the feel of skis biting into a fresh coat of powder snow ... and for that rare state of exhilaration with tiredness. Try it yourself.

FOR FREE LITERATURE on Michigan in winter, write Michigan Tourist Council,
Room 4712, Mason Bldg., Lansing 26, Michigan.



MICHIGAN

WINTER WONDERLAND

put **Fun**
in your day the
REO SNOW THROW way

REO's Snow Throws take the work out of winter

There's a rugged Snow Throw built for every snow removal job. Shown is the 20" self-propelled model with new reverse gear. It cleans a 20-in. path 100 feet long in just 60 seconds and pitches the snow wherever you want it... up to 30 feet away. Also, be sure to see the compact 15" model and the new 17" self-propelled model. They'll take the backache out of any storm!




REO SNOW THROW

Product of MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION, LaGrange, Indiana

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MORE HILLS! NEW FACILITIES! OVER \$1,000,000 IN SNOW-MAKING SYSTEMS! The ski news from Wisconsin is all good! At established hills, new slopes are being groomed for use, equipment is being updated, new snow-making machinery is ready to lend a helping hand. Elsewhere, brand new sites are open for business to provide some of the most enjoyable skiing in the Mid-West.

Now, over 50 ski hills. Good roads. Dependable snow. Many fine restaurants and a variety of accommodations — hotels, motels, lodges, resorts — located at or near the skiing area.

Send for free Winter Sports Directory, 32-page color brochure and new Wisconsin highway map. Write: **WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT**, Box 450, Room 6, Madison 1, Wisconsin

SKI
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SKI FACILITIES *continued*

MINNESOTA

SUGAR HILLS, Grand Rapids: New area on four separate hills covering 740 acres, two Hall T bars, 1,800/300/1,200 and 900/300/1,200; 19 open slopes with five and a half miles of runs; snow-making equipment; night skiing on three slopes. Two chalets with rathskeller, lounge, ski shop for rentals. Parking for 500 cars; motorized ski sleds to rent; ice-skating rink. Telephone Chick Skinner, Grand Rapids 326-4620.

ONTARIO

DEVILS GLEN, Glen Huron: New area with Hall T bar 1,400/450/100; rope tow; five trails and nursery slope. Ski shop, repair and rental; chalet with restaurant. Austrian Toni Spis directs ski school. Telephone Don Essen, Devils Glen 2331.

HORSESHOE VALLEY, Barrie: New area with Hall T bar 1,200/315/900; four rope tows; five trails; beginners' slope; night skiing. Parking for 800 cars. Ski shop, repair and rental; chalet with restaurant. Telephone Bill Loharu, Barrie, PA 8-7573.

MANSFIELD SKIWAYS, Mansfield: New area has two Mueller T bars 1,500/350/600 and 900/130/900; main hill is open slope of half mile with vertical rise of 350; sheltered woodland trails. Ski shop, rental and repair; chalet with lunch bar. Telephone Hector Lloyd, Mansfield, EV 79 R 22.

RAINBOW RIDGE, Bracebridge: New area with Hall T bar 900/250/1,200, four runs, all open hill; skiing on Saturday nights. Parking for 500 cars. Ski shop with rental and repairs; chalet with restaurant. Telephone Rainbow Ridge Ski Resort, Bracebridge 645-4431.

SKIERING, Kintore: New area in Cobble Hills with two T bars 1,000/150/800 and 1,000/150/800; rope tow; three slopes; snow-making equipment on all trails; night skiing. Parking for 2,600 cars. Ski shop, repair and rental; chalet with restaurant. Telephone Wesley Wallace, Skier-Hi, Kintore.

SUNDRIDGE, Sundridge: New area designed for family skiing and recreation with beginners' and intermediate trails only. Poma-lift 700/135/800; large open slope with four trails. Chalet with restaurant; ski shop, rental and repair; toboggan area; skating rink; parking for 100 cars. Telephone Hotel Bernard, Sundridge 384-5371.

QUEBEC

CAMP FORTUNE, seven miles north of Ottawa: Poma-lifts 1,600/250/1,600; intermediate trail; widened beginners' slopes; snow-making equipment for two trails. Telephone John Clifford, Hull, PR 1-6285.

continued

The big ol' twisting peppermint stick



Remember your first sight of it, twisting away up there and looking good enough to eat? Remember the miracle and mystery (how could those big spinning stripes endlessly disappear into the bottom)?

How sad that the delicious dreams of childhood are now explained away!

But grown-up, take heart. The barber pole has a true history that beats boyhood fantasy hands down.

Take its origins, for instance. What could slanting red and white stripes possibly have to do with the cutting of hair?

Nothing whatsoever.

But they do have to do with surgery. Yes indeed, three centuries back in the corridor of time the barber was a surgeon. (The white stripes represent bandages. The red? You guessed it.) Pinked by a rapier? The barber did the patching. Toothache? It was the barber who poured a great lot of rum down your throat and while you still blinked from fire inside, relieved you of both tooth and ache.

The barber has influenced the will of kings. For who best could get the king's ear than the man who trimmed the king's beard? (Barber: from the Latin *barba*—beard.) Up through those three centuries, the shop behind the striped pole has made a soothing haven for all manner of men. The elegant dandy dropped in to have his locks re-oiled. Then came the dust-caked cow-hand, clamoring for a hot tub—out back. Now come we modern men, looking for a trim in the Madison Avenue manner, an Ivy League crop, a Dutch crew, or such exotic splendors as a mineral mud-pack and egg in our shampoo.

Men will go to barbers. Why? Just for a good haircut? That's a big part of it, of course. But think what else. Think what a joy it is to be in the hands of a man who not only knows your head and how it should look, but when to chat and exactly when to keep quiet; who knows when to give your temples a firm-fingered, gentle massage guaranteed to unwind you to the soles of your feet; who knows when to drop the steaming towel, when to drop the cool.

Oh, what a blessing is the barber!

What a blessing too is his knowledge of hair. Not just shaping it to suit your head and your pride, but keeping it clean and strong and healthy. Keeping, for example, dandruff out of it.

Hask and a good barber are death on dandruff. You might ask him about it. (The full title is Hask Hair and Scalp Conditioner, but Hask alone will do it nicely.) Let him give you the first treatment. When you see how it's done and how beautifully it works, he'll be delighted to sell you a bottle.

He's the only one who can. Because Hask is sold solely through the true professional—the one behind the big ol' twisting peppermint stick.

Which is the way it should be.

If he doesn't have Hask on his shelf, tip him off. You'll find the name of his nearest distributor just below. Go ahead, do him a favor. Look at all he's done for you.



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EAST AND WEST DEVELOPMENTS

Following are some of the major ski resorts in the East and West that are opening this season or have added new facilities.

ALTA SKI RESORT, Alta, Utah: Heron double chair lift 5,300/860/750 serves 300-acre beginners' slope. Telephone Chuck Morton, Alta 4.

ARIZONA SNOW BOWL, Flagstaff, Ariz.: Rabbit double chair lift 7,000/2,100/600; Parnall's 2,300/750/800, 12 miles of new trails. Lodge remodeled. Telephone Buzz Bainbridge, Flagstaff, PR 4-4311.

BUTTERFLICK MOUNTAIN, Aspen, Colo.: Savio double chair lift 6,000/1,250/600, five trails; overall ski area increased 10 acres. Building for ski school and nursery. Fred Iselin directs ski school. Telephone Buttermilk Mountain Ski Corporation, Aspen 925-3170.

CANNON MOUNTAIN, Franconia Notch, N.H.: Biggest expansion program in 25 years of operation; two Roebeling double chair lifts 3,400/1,150/900 and 1,830/625/900; Penny T bar 3,300/400/800; six trails spread over 60 acres, existing trails widened. Telephone Bill Norton, Franconia 823-5363.

CRESTED BUTTE, Crested Butte, Colo.: Telear gondola lift 7,500/2,000/850; Roebeling J bar 350/150/700, 15 to 20 miles of new trails. Lower area has building with sports shop, rentals and repairs, photo shop, first aid room and warming house. Air shuttle service to be set up to Aspen, 22 air miles away. Telephone Richard Elin, Crested Butte 2791.

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN, Snoqualmie National Forest, Wash.: New area on Mt. Rainier with Rabbit double chair lifts, lower section 3,690/1,013/1,200, upper section 3,570/1,417/1,200; Murray-Latta T bar, seven rope tows, 13 trails and open slopes, with one third of the area above timberline. Two-story lodge with cafeteria, ski shop, first aid room. Parking lot for 1,200 to 1,500 cars. Jack Nagel, member of 1952 U.S. Olympic team, directs ski school and special program for junior racers. Telephone Jack Nagel, Ennetclaw, WA 5-4478.

HEAVENLY VALLEY, South Tahoe, Calif.: Installing aerial tramway that will carry passengers to the top in less than four minutes. The Heron tram 4,000/1,600/400 will be completed Dec. 15. Telephone Wally Rothberg, South Tahoe, K1 4-4656.

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SKI FACILITIES *continued*

KILLINGTON, Sherburne, Vt.: New Rams Head development includes: Poma double chair lift 6,600/1,400/900; three intermediate trails, all over a mile long, one novice trail. Base lodge with restaurant, ski shop, rentals, ski-in snack bar and ticket windows. Karl Pfeiffer of Salzburg, Austria takes over as ski school director. Telephone Preston Letts Smith, Sherburne 422-3333.

MAGIC MOUNTAIN, Londonderry, Vt.: Hans Thormer's idea of a Swiss village is now a reality, with 14 chalets (ranging in cost from \$12,000 to \$60,000), four motels and a two-acre skating pond. New Pohligh double chair lift 5,500/1,500/1,000; four trails over mile long with 1,500 foot vertical drops; open glade. Swiss lodge expanded; parking for 400 cars. Telephone Hans Thormer, Londonderry, VA 4-6373.

MISSOULA SNOW BOWL, Missoula, Mont.: Riblet double chair lift 5,200/2,000/546; five slopes, two for beginners. Two lodges, one adjacent to the parking lot, smaller A-Frame at the top of the chair lift. Parking area for 350 cars. Telephone Dave Flaccus, Missoula 549-4596.

MT. SUNAPEE, Newbury, N.H.: Two Roebeling double chair lifts 6,700/1,500/900 and 2,000/450/900; single Roebeling chair lift made into double chair 3,000/950/900; Robb-T bar 500/100/800; three intermediate trails all joined to existing ones. Telephone Joe Ryan, New London 526-4062.

PICO PEAK, Rutland, Vt.: Stadelh double chair lift 4,000/1,300/900 serves lower half of 9,000-foot tandem lifts to the top of Big Pico Peak. Doppelmayr T bar 1,700/350/800 replaces faulty one built about six years ago. Cafeteria enlarged. Telephone Don Rosenberg, Rutland 773-7140.

SIERRA BLANCA, Ridgoso, New Mexico: Pohligh four-passenger gondola lift 8,200/1,670/600; trails improved. Six-spined restaurant with sun decks, ski shop, rentals. Telephone Kingsbury Pitcher, Ruidoso, CL 7-6535.

SNOWMASS RIDGE, Aspen, Colo.: New area located on Baldy Mountain with 10,000 acres of wide-open powder skiing; two Truckmaster Sno-Cats serve area on reservation basis; each group of 10 accompanied by ski patrolman—\$10 for two runs. Telephone Aspen Ski Corporation Sports Desk, Aspen 925-3611.

SQUAW VALLEY, Tahoe City, Calif.: Four Poma double chair lifts 4,175/800/800, 3,640/1,300/800, 3,040/900/1,100 and 820/350/1,100; Teleski lift open beginners' slope, pulls five skiers abreast. Telephone John Buckman, Tahoe City, CL 8-2111.

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The lamp itself is amazing: its full 3-hour rated life will let you shoot more than 40 rolls of home-movie film; a built-in double reflector (completely sealed against corrosion) puts off the light where you want it; and the

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SCORECARD

IN THE KRISHNA MENON MANNER

If India's Davis Cup team fails (as seems likely) to beat the Mexicans in the Inter-zone finals this week, it will not be for lack of gamesmanship. Definitely out-ranked on the courts, the Indians played their Mexican rivals to an advantageous position even before they reached India. While the Mexicans were waiting for a plane, the Indians told them the cup matches would not be held in cool, dry New Delhi as planned, but in hot, humid Madras, where the Indians had been practicing for a month.

To further shatter their morale, the Mexicans were told that they probably would have to make the long trip to Madras by train since all civilian air traffic was tied up because of the border war. The Mexicans arrived in New Delhi to find that the Indians had made no arrangements for them to get to Madras by either train or plane, nor had they arranged for courts for them to practice on, nor beds for them to sleep in. The Indian tennis association, in fact, did not even send a representative to meet the Mexicans at the airport. The association did, however, make it clear that the matches would take place in Madras without postponement whether the Mexicans arrived in time or not. Failure to arrive would mean default.

Housed and fed at last by their ambassador, who also arranged transportation, the Mexicans accepted the fact of having to play tennis without proper conditioning, or even practice, in the Indians' dank sinkhole. One thing seems pretty clear: if the Indians seek Free World volunteers for their defense against Red Chins, they won't get many Mexicans.

THE CURTAIN RISES

The long-familiar crusade against boxing as a sport—as distinguished from prize-fighting as an under-world racket, which is quite another matter—now has won support behind the Iron Curtain and in independently Communist Yugoslavia, too. A committee of four—three M.D.s from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and

Mexico and a physical education Ph.D. from Chicago—is circulating physicians to win support for the elimination of boxing from the Olympic Games. The usual arguments against boxing—serious injury, death—are presented, to our mind speciously, and the physicians are urged to protest to a member of the committee so that their letters may be forwarded to Avery Brundage, International Olympic Committee president.

We would not suggest for a moment that this is part of a Communist plot to soften American youth or even to cost the U.S. some gold medals in Tokyo. (We did take three gold medals in boxing in the Rome Olympics, though—among them one won most proudly by Cassius Clay.) But that 50% Communist representation strikes us as a little much.

The committee has received at least one reply from a physician, and a protest at that—but not the kind solicited. The writer was Frank E. Barnes Jr., M.D., of Smithfield, N.C., a member of the American College of Sports Medicine, chairman of the North Carolina Medical Society Committee on the Medical Aspects of Sports and president of the American Association for Automotive Medicine. He advised the committee that "college and Olympic boxing contests should be encouraged."

"I do not want to see your group push for elimination of a sport," Dr. Barnes wrote, "but campaign for better supervision, better equipment, better coaching and more understanding of the problems. If you are successful in this venture of eliminating a sport, we'll have some high and mighty educators trying to eliminate football and lacrosse because they are contact sports."

Dr. Barnes is so right.

ASAEL EQUALS JINX

Many of you have returned from your annual deer hunt. Many of you came back without a deer. Many of you are discouraged. Cheer up. Listen to the story of Asael Logan of Houlton, Maine, a hunting area of a hunting state.

For the past 34 years Asael has bought

a hunting license every year, starting when he was 11 years old. In that time he has fired at only three deer and never has hit one. The last person in his family to bring back a deer was Asael's father, who did it in 1928. It has been 10 years since Asael even saw a deer to fire at. Furthermore:

During hunting trips all over the southern Aroostook County area—in Oakfield, Ashland, Littleton, Linneus, and, of course, Houlton—no one in any hunting party that Asael accompanied has shot a deer.

LARGEST, SMALLEST, FASTEST

A 10th edition of *The Guinness Book of Records*, compiled by England's sporting twins, Norris and Ross McWhirter, is out so that you may be kept up to date on such questions as records for panno-smashing, location of the world's lowest golf club and what people are the most severely taxed.

The record time for smashing up a piano and passing the wreckage through a ring nine inches in diameter, you may as well know now, is 14 minutes three seconds, set last year at Derby College of Technology, England. The world's low-



est golf course, you might have guessed, was that of the Sodum and Gomorrah Golfing Society. Situated at Kallin, on the shores of the Dead Sea, it was 1,250 feet below sea level. However, the clubhouse burned down in 1948, leaving behind an odor of brimstone. And the most severely taxed people in the world are not us, but the Dutch, in terms of per capita, but us indeed in terms of volume.

The book is filled with such fascinating stuff but, to keep it up to date and to keep up with demand, it has been neces-

crisitated



The woman
you remember...
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SCORECARD (continued)

sary to publish as many as three editions a year. As the McWhirters point out in a preface, the "absolute human speed record" in 1955, when the first edition came out, was a mere 1,650 mph. Now it is 17,650 mph.

THE EXPERTS

Before Oklahoma and Missouri's football teams met, the Colorado football team, which had played both, almost unanimously picked Missouri. Oklahoma won. Last year all but one Colorado player chose Kansas over Missouri. Missouri won. In 1960 the Colorado team unanimously predicted a Missouri victory. Kansas won.

"Colorado is historically famous for lousy foresight," conceded Fred Casotti, the school's sports information director. "The most glaring example was in 1957, when the Colorado track squad passed over Marilyn Van Derbur as Colorado Relays Queen. She became Miss America the following September."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• C. Arnholt Smith, San Diego businessman, is about ready to buy the San Diego Chargers—with or without partners.

• The Orange Bowl is expected to abandon its contract with the Big Eight conference after the pact expires in 1964. The bowl would prefer a free hand in selecting both teams for its New Year's game.

• Ernie Key, Texas' sensational sophomore wingback who ranked among the nation's leading punters until he injured a knee in the SMU game, will be shifted to fullback next year.

ONE MAN'S FATE

At age 27 George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk accepted the untenable assignment of replacing Babe Ruth in right field.

Now, 27 years later, Selkirk has taken a job that makes the old one look as simple as catching a pop-up. Selkirk has just become general manager of the Washington Senators.

IN ONE EASY LESSON

The readership of the Dick Tracy comic strip, long accustomed to the vulgar, always has been enormous and never has been squeamish. It is now about time, after one recent exploitation of viciousness by the strip's creator, Chester Gould, that its editors evolve upward to at least a degraded sense of decency.

The most recent Tracy sequence—in which the indomitable detective battles black-hooded mobsters aboard a space ship—gives instruction in how to kill without even a zip gun. Unable to shoot, because a bullet penetrating the sides of the pressurized space cabin would kill everyone, including him, Tracy resorts to karate. He then demonstrates a knuckle blow to the temple that, delivered with zeal, would not just subdue an opponent. It could kill him.

Everyone who read the sequence now knows how to kill a man bare-handed. It is a piece of instruction that, we may expect, soon will be used wherever muggers lurk—in Central Park, in Grant Park, in the dark byways of Los Angeles, or in any city where Dick Tracy is known and appreciated.

THE NAME'S THE GAME

The christening of Thoroughbred horses is often mere whimsey, seldom appropriate. (The same applies to boats and children.) But Alfred G. Vanderbilt comes up every year with some of the best names on the turf. He considers ancestry and euphony, combining the two so that a certain poetry is achieved. He has now sent out the names of his next year's 2-year-olds and among them is *Crashing Bore*, a gelding by Social Climber out of Stumbling Block.

UNLUCKY NUMBER

Joey Anappa, a Chicago ex-convict who police say manufactures gambling equipment, drove up to his residence in a Chicago suburb last month and was met by two officers of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. His car was easy to spot. It was a Cadillac with the license number 711-711.

The officers found Joey's car contained 526 mourning doves, frozen and packed neatly in plastic bags. This number was not so lucky. Joey was charged with possession and transportation (from Kansas) of an illegal number of migratory game birds. Then the question arose as to how he could possibly have shot all those birds. Did he, perhaps, dynamite a roost?

"I shot them on the wing, like I always do," Joey insisted.

Good shooting, certainly extraordinary endurance and unbelievable luck. Someone figured out that, since an average hunter gets one elusive dove in three shots, Joey must have been shooting every two minutes eight hours a day for about a week. And Joey showed no sign of a sore shoulder.

There was talk, naturally, that Joey had a bit of help. There was talk that he had been seen passing out whisky and free shells to other hunters in the dove-shooting area. In fact, there was excellent reason to believe that Joey was not the hot shot he pretended to be.

WOMEN DRIVERS AGAIN

That women are naturally and hopelessly inferior to men as drivers of automobiles is one of Western man's cherished delusions. The girls, though, haven't been brainwashed adequately. Take Ewy Rosqvist and Ursula Wirth, Feminine to a fault, these curvy Swedish gals in close-fitting sweaters and skintight pants traipsed off with the Argentine Standard Grand Prix auto race a while back, defeating 254 rival masculine entries. The race covered nearly 3,000 miles of often unspeakable Argentine roads, and at the end of each one of the six stages Ewy and Ursula were first, Ewy driving a big silver factory Mercedes 220SE, and Ursula navigating.

Ewy and Ursula, tall, cool and composed, got the full VIP press-conference and TV treatment in New York last week. Diplomatically, they chose not to gloat. Ewy did admit, though, that she'd once taken her husband's Formula Junior car out for a racecourse spin and beaten the smorgasbord out of his own record. Her husband is the Formula Junior champion of Sweden. "He was," said Ewy, with a wicked twinkle of her ice-blue peepers, "very angry."

THEY SAID IT

- Wilbur Evans, Southwest Conference publicity director, on Bobb Falk, University of Texas baseball coach and former major league star: "Bobb is so dedicated to baseball that until a week or so ago he thought the first verse in the Bible said, 'In the big inning, God created heaven and earth.'"

- Ernie Stautner, Pittsburgh Steeler defensive end, now in his 13th year of pro football: "The American Football League will be on a par with the National Football League in a few years and we'll have to arrange a playoff to satisfy the public. The league champions will meet in a world championship game in three or four years."

- Bill Kuross, assistant football coach at unbeaten Minneapolis Washburn High, on hearing that Carl Anderson, Washburn principal, had fractured his ankle: "Gee, I'm glad it wasn't a halfback."

END

90 PROOF



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Want a martini that's out of this world? Try
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

I'm 100% dry.

PRO FOOTBALL PULLS A DOUBLE REVERSE

In the season's biggest upset, Detroit humbled the Green Bay Packers to make a race of it in the West. Then in another surprise, the burgeoning Giants all but wrapped up the Eastern title **by TEX MAULE**

In the West the mighty fell. In the East the Giants proved, rather conclusively, that they were the mighty. Ten days ago the Green Bay Packers appeared to be the invincibles of pro football; the New York Giants, believed to be long in the tooth and apt to stumble on the hard home stretch, were considered lucky to be leading. After last week it is the Giants who seem invincible; the Packers, victims of a fearful beating at the hands of the Detroit Lions, seem something less than that. On Thanksgiving Day, the Lions overpowered Green Bay, 26-14; the Giants erased their strongest competitors, the Washington Redskins, with ease and aplomb, 42-24, three days later.

The Giant power has grown, week by week, almost unnoticed. Phil King, the big back from Vanderbilt, at last is playing up to his potential and has become a violent, hard-blocking and hard-running fullback. Bill Winter, the rookie linebacker, fits into the old Giant defense more neatly each week. This is, paradoxically, an old team growing better as the season goes along—and 2½ games ahead with only three to play.

Detroit's power had grown from week to week, too, although for some reason its improvement was more widely recognized. Emotionally, the proud Lions had been looking forward to their game with the Packers since the Packers beat them 9-7 in Wisconsin on October 7. Despite their loss, the Lions felt that they were the better team on that day and they were dedicated to proving it before their home following last Thursday.

"They should have given that defensive line a saliva test," one of the Packer assistant coaches said after the game. "They looked like they were on the needle," said Bart Starr, the cool intellectual who runs the Packer offense from quarterback and who spent a great deal of the cold, blustery afternoon in Tiger Stadium staring up at the overcast sky from beneath a half-ton of Detroit defensive linemen.

The Lions were excited. So were their followers. The tension was palpable as the crowd gathered for the game; the bleachers were crowded with people who had been standing in line since 11 o'clock the previous night, waiting to buy the handful of seats left for this game. Once during the night a police squad had been called out to control the exuberant standees in front of the ticket booth.

Now, with the game beginning, the more affluent spectators were just as excited as the bleachersites. They howled steadily through the thin snow which fell and melted and they had more than enough to howl about.

The Detroit defensive line and the Detroit linebackers played with an ascending fury. ("They were by us before we could find them," a bewildered Packer tackle said. "I never saw anyone get off so fast with the snap of the ball.")

They not only moved with rare quickness, they moved on a pattern wholly unexpected by the very good Green Bay offensive line. This may be the best offensive line any pro club has put together in the last 20 years, but it was a confused and uncertain unit in the first half of the game. Like most great defensive teams, the Lions have enormously effective players, and do not need tricks to be good. They and the Colts and Giants of recent years can, man for man, defend their positions with considerable strength in simple alignments with each man handling the man in front of him and handling him well. This had worked for them all season and was their defense in their first game with Green Bay. But suddenly in Detroit they began to look very much like the Chicago Bears, a team which depends almost completely on gale in stopping its adversary.

"They came out stunting," said Tackle

continued

Next page

With Steve in their eyes, Detroit Tackles Roger Brown (left) and Alex Karras roll in to smother the Packer back's attempted pass.





Forrest Gregg. "They blitzed almost every play, and we couldn't seem to recover. Most of the time their defensive line comes straight at you. The tackle and end come straight in. You would know where they should be and would be set up to block them. But they tried routes in this game. The tackle circled to the outside, where ordinarily you would expect to find the end. The end came inside, on the tackle's route. We couldn't find them. We weren't ready and it took us a half to pick up the stunts."

Bart Starr, who spent what must have been the longest afternoon of his career at quarterback, is a quiet man who never criticizes his teammates. He did not after the Lions game, although he was the victim of the inadequacy of the Packer offensive line. He was thrown for a miserable 110 yards attempting to pass. Often he had no chance to look for a receiver, let alone release the ball.

"It was one of those games," he said, "where no matter what you do, the other side is always a play ahead of you. Once, since they had been sending in the linebackers on a blitz nearly every play, I called a quick look-in to Ron Kramer. Wayne Walker had been coming in and he moved to the line as if he were going to do the same thing again, but when the ball was snapped, he dropped off with Kramer and I couldn't complete the pass."

Other things also bothered the Packers. Fuzzy Thurston, who has been an all-pro guard, played under a mental handicap. His mother had died on the Monday before the game, and his wife was ill. He played under a physical handicap, too. In front of him was possibly the best defensive tackle in pro football—300-pound Roger Brown, who moves with exceptional speed for so big a man. Thurston handled him well enough on running plays; on pass blocking, where the guard has a chicken fight with the tackle, Thurston did not make out so well.

"They overwhelmed us," Lombardi said after the game. "They just overpowered us."

Early in the game Starr called what is known in pro football as a "play number pass." This is a pass which develops from lineblocking designed to create the illusion that the play will be a run. The offensive line blocks aggressively, instead of hitting and dropping back to form the cup from which all pro passers throw. In this case, the Packer offensive line fired off its aggressive blocking, and both sides of the Lion defensive line stunted; that is to say, the ends circled to the inside and the tackles to the outside. Normally an offensive line as battle-wise as Green Bay's would have picked up the stunts and blocked the defensive players effectively as they came in. But so quick was the movement of the Lion operatives, the Packer blockers missed most of their blocks and the Lion line, en masse, descended upon the hapless Starr.

In the second half, the Packers regrouped well enough to pick up the stunts. Too, the Lions, with a 26-0 lead, gave up a good deal of the stunting, gambling defense in favor of protecting that almost insurmountable lead. This was not on the advice of their coach, George Wilson, who, under his calm exterior, is an inveterate gambler. He want-

ed his team to continue to play with the reckless abandon which had been so successful in the first half.

"We are growing too cautious on offense," Lombardi had said some three weeks before the Lion game. "The offensive players are beginning to stop and think before they execute a play. You haven't time to stop. You have to execute with a modicum of abandon. The pressure is getting to be too much on us because of the winning streak." Certainly, the offense could not afford that moment's hesitation against this keyed-up Detroit defense. By the time they had thought, the Detroit line was on Starr's neck.

The Packer defense acquitted itself a bit better than the offense. The loss of two corner linebackers—first-string Dan Currie and replacement Nelson Toburen—was a major blow. Ken Iman, who has been an offensive guard and center all year, was pressed into duty as a corner linebacker and did as well as could be expected, which was not, understandably, well enough.

Willie Davis, the end on the left side of the Packer defensive line, is a gambler whose wild bets have always been backed up by the icy conservatism of Currie. The same gambles, with the uncertain Iman backing him, failed. When the Lions needed four or five yards for a first down on third down, as often as not they sent Ken Webb or Tom Watkins outside the vulnerable flank of the Green Bay defense. Webb, the fullback replacing injured Nick Petro-sante, would take the hard-rushing Davis in; the two Lion guards, leading the play, took care of Iman and the ball-carrier had a free route.

Two of the Lion touchdowns came on passes to Gail Cogdill, a very good end. Once Cogdill, spread to the left and covered by Jesse Whittenton, broke free by a very lack of duplicity. Whittenton, in this Packer defense, covers Cogdill to the outside; the safety, Willie Wood, takes him to the inside. Cogdill ran a fly pattern—straight ahead as fast as he could go. Whittenton waited for him to break to the sideline, and Wood waited for him to break to the inside. He never broke at all. By the time the defenders had recovered, he was alone. The pass was accurate and he scored.

Cogdill was spread the other way on his second touchdown. This meant he would be taken man-on-man by Herb Adderley, the very quick Packer corner back on that side. Adderley took him well enough, but the pass was so cleanly and well thrown by Milt Plum that Cogdill, with a very slight margin on Adderley, still took the ball on his fingertips in the end zone for the touchdown (left). It was a play against which there is no adequate answer, the kind of play this tough Detroit team made all afternoon, on offense and defense.

"We were due to lose one," said Ray Nitschke, the middle linebacker for the Packers, after the game. "But one is all we'll lose."

One is all the Packers can lose, if they are to hold off the late-season drive of the Lions. Detroit has won both second-place playoffs since this game was begun in Miami two years ago; the team seems capable of winning the title if the Packers should stumble in their last three games.

If the Packers do trip, it will be entirely their own fault. They have by far the easier schedule. Twice in the closing three weeks Green Bay will face the footless Rams, a club

John G. Zimmerman

Diving into the end zone on an unstable step ahead of Herb Adderley, Detroit's Gail Cogdill grabs Plum's pass for touchdown.

continued

that has managed to win only one game all season long. Their other game is against the San Francisco 49ers, who have won five games while losing six.

The Lions, on the other hand, face the Baltimore Colts (5-6), the Minnesota Vikings (2-8-1) and the revived Chicago Bears (7-4). In other words, playing teams that have faced almost precisely the same competition, the Packers must win three games against two adversaries who have won a total of only six games so far. Even if the Lions do as well by winning their last three games against clubs that have accounted for 14 victories, they'll still finish a game behind Green Bay.

There is, of course, the intriguing prospect of a tie, should Green Bay lose one game and the Lions go clean. On the basis of Thursday's performance you might guess that the Lions would win the playoff game. The assumption is reasonable, although the Green Bay team probably will have—healthy and useful—both Paul Hornung and Currie, the two cripples who were conspicuously missing from Thursday's game.

The Giants brushed aside the Washington Redskins very easily in Washington. In the two man-to-man duels that, as much as any one thing, decided this game the Giants enjoyed a clear superiority. Claude Crabb, a rookie defensive back for the Redskins, was given the unenviable task of trying to cover the Giants' Del Shofner, man to man. As might be expected, he did not fare well. Early in the game, Shofner ran short patterns until Crabb became overly conscious of the short pass. When the opportunity seemed ripe, Shofner ran a short pattern, hesitated, then went deep, and Y. A. Tittle's pass found him alone in the end zone (below).

On the other hand Erich Barnes, the marvelously quick and agile defensive back for the Giants, teamed with Alan Webb to cover Bobby Mitchell, the water-bug-quick flanker back for the Redskins. It was appropriate that Barnes, in the closing seconds of the game, should pick off a long pass from the arm of chunky Galeen Hall and, tortuously, run it back almost the full length of the field, moving—you felt—with one eye on the sweeping second hand of the field clock.

Richie Robertson

Having eluded Redskin Rookie Defensive Back Claude Crabb (right), End Del Shofner waits for Tittle's touchdown pass in end zone.



By the time Barnes was tackled, far down near the Washington goal line, the game was over. It was a typical Giant maneuver, imbued with the knowledge and foresight that comes from years in pro football. The Redskins, as they demonstrated clearly in this game, have the enthusiasm and the size and the speed to become a truly superior football team. All they lack—and it was a notable lack last Sunday—is the Giant experience.

Now the Giants need win only one of their last three games to insure themselves of the title in the East and the opportunity to meet either Green Bay or Detroit in the championship game in New York on December 30. They play the Bears in Chicago and Cleveland and the Dallas Cowboys in New York.

Chicago is the only one of the three teams that seems likely to give the Giants any trouble at all. Well at long last and apparently with their defenses repaired, the Bears demolished the Baltimore Colts last Sunday, 57-0. If the Giants, coming off a long series of tough games, let down a little, they could lose at Wrigley Field. It is highly improb-

able that they can lose either game in New York after that and incredible that they should lose both.

How would the Giants do against Green Bay or Detroit? Earlier this year the Lions finished a hard afternoon in Yankee Stadium on the short end of a 17-14 score. This may be misleading, since there was some back involved in the Giant victory. New York and Green Bay haven't played each other this year. The last time they met, of course, was in Green Bay last year for the championship. The Giants lost that game, 37-0. But this is a different Giant team now. For one thing, the offense is imaginative and quick; the defense is still solid. It would be foolhardy to predict that the Giants will beat Green Bay should the two teams meet again for the title; it would be foolhardy, too, to predict that they will beat the Detroit Lions under the same circumstances.

But they very well could. They are, this year, a team that has, Sunday after Sunday, done what was necessary. They may be able to perform all the needed functions on the most important Sunday. **END**

Taking hand-off from Tittle, Giants' young but rapidly improving fullback, Phil King, lights out behind phalanx of seasoned blockers.



SOMETHING'S UP IN SYRACUSE

Since 1956 only one light has burned in the Eastern Division of the National Basketball Association. It glowed constantly for the proud Celtics of Boston, and their would-be pursuers were left to stumble around in the shadows. But on Thanksgiving night last week the often beleaguered Syracuse Nationals beat Boston for the second time in six days, jumped into first place and laid claim to being the brightest surprise the NBA has had in the East in years.

The victory over Bob Cousy, Bill Russell and their Boston buddies brought throaty growls from the rabid fans of Syracuse. Mike Dempsey, a 70-year-old sign painter who is generally considered to be the city's No. 1 sports follower, immediately dropped his brushes into a turpentine can and traveled to New York to see the Nats play the Knickerbockers. It had been some time, after all, since his team had given him such a glorious excuse to travel. The *Syracuse Herald-Journal*, meanwhile, ran a headline which read NATS ARE BACK ON TOP RUNG, even though the Nats had been on that rung for only 11 days in the last 1,679.

In recent years the Syracuse rung on the National Basketball Association ladder has seemed to be made of Silly Putty, and only Owner Danny Biasone's stubborn interest has kept an NBA team in that city. Biasone, 53 and 5 feet 6 inches tall, is seven inches shorter than any of his players, but looking up to them is both his occupation and his joy. He sits on the Syracuse bench assisting Coach Alex Hannum and "assisting" the referees, a dubious tactic since he is also a member of the NBA's Board of Governors, which hires officials. But nobody seriously minds Danny having his fun. After a game he rushes to the dressing room, clapping his hands and endlessly applauding everyone as if the team had never won before and might never again.

Biasone has always felt this way about Syracuse basketball, and a good thing, too, or the franchise would long since have been moved to some fisher-looking preserve. As it is, an NBA season never starts without a rumor that the team is about to be shifted to Baltimore or Cleveland or Baden Baden. Yet every year the Nationals stay right where they are, ("Listen," said St. Louis Hawk Owner

Ben Kerner recently, "that franchise is likely to be there after all of us are gone.")

"Syracuse," complains Biasone, "is always being ripped. People accuse me of running a shoestring operation, paying off my players with clamshells. Our payroll equals the best in the league. I love my ball club. I been sending my teams on chartered flights for 15 years because I want my players to sleep in their own beds whenever possible. I got into basketball 17 years ago right in Syracuse, and I intend to stay. I came to this country on Christmas Day 1919 and landed at Ellis Island. I was 11, and my father took me to Syracuse. I started to caddy on a golf course, and all I wanted was to be the best caddy. When I got older I formed a semipro football team. The war left me short of players, so I formed a semipro basketball team. That year I booked a game with the Rochester Royals. They canceled. Then I booked 'em again. They canceled again. I said, 'What league is this team in?' I want to play this guy Lester Harrison [owner of the Royals] at basketball.' People told me he was in the National League, so I got into the National League. I am staying in it."

Stay he has, in spite of the fact that there is only one smaller locale (Green Bay) in the whole scope of major league sports. The city is heartily behind him, or at least its government is. Mayor William Walsh and his wife seldom miss a Nat game. "I arrange my schedule," says Walsh, "around the Nats' schedule. Most of the city hall department heads do likewise. I wouldn't want to count the number of times we've settled a city problem at a game." But now the Nats seem to have come up with a team that is good enough to keep city officials concentrating on basketball.

The thing that has propelled the Nats into first place is team play built around five men instead of the usual team play built around one man. Not one of the Syracuse players ranks among the league's top 20 scorers, but the team has Hal Greer and Larry Costello, a pair that is certainly the fastest backcourt in the league and maybe the best. Center John Kerr—an unknown to most and not much regarded by those who did know him—has become an excellent teamwork type of center. Rookies Chet Walker



and Len Chappell have joined Dave Gimber and Lee Shaffer as cornermen, to give the Nats not only speed and scoring power but great depth. It is just this kind of bench strength that Boston has won with for years.

Finally, there is Dolph Schayes. He is brittle now at 34, and he doesn't play as much as he once did. But it must be remembered that he was the fellow who held the ladder when Dr. Naismith tacked up the peach basket and that he has lagged the Syracuse franchise around in his gym bag for 14 seasons.

Schayes has already come off the bench to win one game for the Nats this

By getting a big jump in the game they wanted to win the most, pro basketball's small-town team ran right past mighty Boston and into first place in the NBA's Eastern Division by WILLIAM LEGGETT



NATS' LEE SHAFFER GLIDES IN FOR LAY-UP AS BOSTON'S BOB COSTA IS HOPELESSLY SURROUNDED AFTER A SYRACUSE FAST BREAK

year and helped to win others. When he scores, his right arm still goes up in exaltation with the fist clenched, calling for one more charge up still another, higher hill. Yet he is not the only hero. In winning 12 games in the last four weeks this diffuse Syracuse talent has produced a different one in almost every game, and this, too, is endearing them to their fans.

The Nats' game with the Celtics, played on the neutral Convention Hall court in Philadelphia, was by far their most important of the young season. Their first defeat of Boston (113-105) could have been a freak. This was the test. Utilizing a three-lane fast break and

scrambling off both backboards, Syracuse ran off to a 30-18 lead and threw a fantastic 75-point first half at Boston, something that has happened to this strong defensive team only three times before in the last three seasons. Even Boston Center Bill Russell's attempts to chivy the young Nationals into mistakes were futile. "You like to push a lot, don't you, son?" he said to Lee Shaffer. But, pushing or not, Shaffer led the Syracuse offense with 32 points. The first half actually ended the game, though Boston fought back within six points before it officially ended, 130-120.

The Celtics moved disconsolately

away, silent, stung and second in their division, while Syracuse ran to its dressing room whooping, hollering and trying not to step on little Danny Biasone. Once there, Dolph Schayes's huge presence seemed to take command. Somebody asked him what he thought. He instantly raised his right arm in the salute he has made famous on the court, and shouted, "Victory is what I think!"

The Celtics are still a superb team and still overwhelming favorites to win the Eastern Division. But don't tell the Syracuse Nationals—they think they can reach high enough to turn out that Boston light.

END

TWO GOOFS KILL THE GOPHERS

Minnesota seemingly had the game won, but a roughing penalty—and a rougher penalty on a loose tongue—swung the tide and the Big Ten championship to the Wisconsin Badgers **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

There was no doubt about the final score—14-9—or the winner and Big Ten champion—Wisconsin. What no one may ever find out is exactly what happened—or did not happen—during the bizarre and decisive closing moments of the game as the Badgers came from behind to beat Minnesota last week and establish themselves as one of the three top college teams in the country.

Late in the fourth period Wisconsin, trailing 9-7 and bottled up all afternoon by Minnesota's hard-hitting line, took possession of the ball on its own 20. Ron VanderKelen, the Badgers' swarthy, resourceful quarterback, stared gloomily at the 80 yards that separated him from the distant goal line and the glittering clock behind it, which showed only 3:54 left to play.

After an incomplete pass, VanderKelen hit Pat Richter, the 6-foot-6 and who already has made four All-America teams, with a quick over-the-center throw for 12 yards. Two more passes to Richter put the ball on Minnesota's 43-yard line, but only two and a half minutes were left.

Then came the play that will have Minnesota's Murray Warmath studying the game films until his eyes are bloodshot. Dropping back to pass again, VanderKelen was rushed fiercely by Bob Bell, the Gophers' left tackle. As Bell crashed into him, the rattled quarterback flipped a feeble, wobbly pass that was snatched out of the air by Minnesota Linebacker Jack Perkovich. But even as the first wave of despair silenced the Wisconsin stands, a red flag was flung to the ground by Referee Robert Jones. Bell, Jones decided, had roughed the passer. The interception was void and Wisconsin was given the ball on the Minnesota 28.

Before the teams could line up again, another red flag fluttered to the ground, this time in front of the Minnesota bench. Another official, with the ears of

a rabbit and no sense of the game, penalized Minnesota 15 more yards for unsportsmanlike remarks from the sidelines. Suddenly the distance between VanderKelen and the goal line was a mere 13 yards, and there was still 2:25 left to play. From that range Wisconsin had little trouble scoring. Fullback Ralph Kurek hurtling into the end zone for the touchdown and victory.

With the end of the game the battle of words began. "I touched the ball," said Minnesota's Bell. "It was a legitimate rush." Wisconsin's VanderKelen had no idea whether he had been roughed or not. "I just remember being mad that I had made a bad pass," he said.

"You have to agree with the officials," said Murray Warmath, who obviously did not, his gray eyes prickly with bitterness. "There's such a thing as professional ethics, or whatever you call them."

After the game, he found the loss too much to swallow and couldn't bring himself to congratulate winning Coach Milt Bruhn, who had won a game in which his team had been soundly beaten. "It would be in poor taste to talk about the officiating right now," Bruhn said. "But I have a hunch there'll be plenty of talk about it at the Big Ten conference meeting next week."

Last September it didn't seem likely that this game would cause any talk whatsoever. Neither school figured to make much of a ripple in its own conference, yet by game time Wisconsin and Minnesota had proved themselves to be two of the best teams in the country. The Badgers had college football's leading offense, with a 34-points-per-game average. Minnesota's fight but quick line had limited opponents to a national low of 48 yards along the ground per game. At its last full-scale scrimmage on a bitterly chill Thanksgiving eve, Wisconsin, superficially at least, scarcely looked

like a potential national champion. The players, wearing faded red practice jerseys, muddied stretch pants and a battered assortment of yellow and white helmets, sputtered through their offensive and defensive assignments on the worn, uneven practice field against the white-jerseyed reserves.

"The boys didn't look as sharp in practice this week as they did last week," admitted Coach Bruhn after the final, full-scale session. "But you can't tell from practice how you're going to do in the game."

Bruhn, 50, is finishing up his seventh and finest year at Wisconsin. A guard at Minnesota during the middle 1930s, he has a massive head and jaw that give him a strong resemblance to television's Perry Mason. Also like Lawyer Mason, he faces each weekly crisis with at least an outward show of calm. "We've had to make no real offensive changes for Minnesota," Bruhn said, his deep voice sounding positively contented. "You can't sit in tight against their line. You have to spread out against them, and that's exactly what we've been doing all season."

One important reason why the Wisconsin offense has worked so well this year is senior Quarterback VanderKelen, a shrewd 175-pound six-footer who, prior to this season, had accrued exactly 90 seconds of game experience. He is a deft defender, runs the ball like a point-hungry halfback, blocks opposing tacklers with the precision of a surgeon snipping tonsils, and fires a hard, accurate pass, a vital weapon in any quarterback's repertoire. VanderKelen was the best running-passing quarterback Minnesota had fired since Bob Schloredt of Washington beat the Gophers 17-7 in the Rose Bowl two years ago. This meant that, instead of blitzing their linebackers through on defense as they had been doing all year, their defensive backs had



Aggrieved Warmath (left) is grim and unconvinced as he talks with—but does not congratulate—rival Coach Milt Bruhn after the game.

An Day

to be sure what VanderKelen was up to before committing themselves. The fact that they held him to 10 completions (six of them to Richter) and 136 yards in 23 attempts is a tribute to the team's passionate love of defense. Tennessean Murray Warmath, a true son of the Southeastern Conference, is a coach who does not really believe that his team is on the offense until the other team is stuck with the ball inside its own 30-yard line. This year's Minnesota team had caught Warmath's enthusiasm.

"This club just loves to play defense," Star End John (Soup) Campbell said. "The only reason we don't like to play it all the time is because we know you can't score if you don't have the ball."

While the defense was enjoying itself to the extent of holding Wisconsin to 83 yards along the ground (in 30 cracks at their line), the offense also showed surprising signs of life, rolling up 353 yards running and passing to Wisconsin's 219. Quarterback Duane Blaska, scuttling along behind the line of scrimmage like a jittery rabbit, sprung Fullback Jerry Jones loose for consistent gains on the option play. In addition, he pierced the speedy Wisconsin secondary with accurate short passes, connecting on 14 of 26. At the very end only a leaping interception by Badger Halfback Jim Nettles, with 59 seconds to play, kept the Gophers from winning this amazing game. One way or another, Wisconsin had beaten a powerful, versatile team.

It has been a surprising and exciting year for Badger football, but while basking in the sweet glory of the final victory, Milt Bruhn seemed a little grim as he looked ahead to his January 1 meeting with Southern California in the Rose Bowl. On his last visit to Pasadena three years ago Coach Bruhn and a tired Badger team had been routed by Washington 44-8.

"I was so sick and so humiliated after that game," recalls Bruhn, "that I hid away in my motel room like a clam for three days. Believe me, I'm looking forward to getting out there again." **END**







Moscow's Misty Mystery

Two years ago, when the people's swimming pool was new, it was kept open day and night. In the chill Moscow evenings translucent mists steamed up from the heated water. Then, under the wintry eye of the Kremlin itself, the mists thickened with mystery: hidden from lifeguards, night swimmers began to drown in alarming numbers.

The pool, a touch of Muscovy Miami, sits on melancholy land that formerly was the site of the Cathedral of the Redeemer—a building whose enormous golden cupola was the pride and love of Moscow for close to a century. In 1931, however, Vyacheslav Molotov ordered the church destroyed and replaced by a towering "Palace of the Soviets," a monument to "the liberated worker" that would rise taller than New York's Empire State Building and be surmounted by a colossus of Lenin even bigger than the Statue of Liberty.

The tower never got built. A steel skeleton started to rise, only to be converted to scrap when Hitler's Nazis turned their guns toward Moscow in 1941. Thereafter, until the pool was built, the land remained a gaping, vacant lot. But even though the tower was not completed, there were some critics who never forgave the government for razing the cathedral. It was these intransigents who, as the police chillingly discovered, borrowed God's prerogative for vengeance. Lurking among the swimmers, anonymous in trunks, they dragged unsuspecting Muscovites into the arena of heavy mist and drowned them. The story of the murders is only whispered in Moscow today, but the purpose of the roped-off sections visible in this recent photograph is explicit: to make it easier for Moscow's cops to keep track of who's afloat and who isn't.



A RED JUST LEFT OF CENTER

As a rookie lawmaker Leonard Kelly (above) is a liberal, but on the ice he is the conservative playmaker who gave Toronto a Stanley Cup

by **ARLIE W. SCHARDT**

Shortly after 2:30 of a cold Canadian afternoon a week or so ago, the Honorable Lennard Patrick Kelly, a liberal Member of Parliament from Toronto's York West, took his assigned bench No. 235 in the Gothic limestone and oak chambers of Canada's Parliament building at Ottawa. Thoughtfully and patiently, he listened to a heated discussion of the Conservative austerity program of which, as a loyal member of the opposition, he disapproves.

This hardly would be worth reporting here were it not for the fact that less than 24 hours earlier Leonard Kelly, M.P., had been electrifying his fellow Torontonians on the ice at Maple Leaf Gardens, where he and his teammates outskated and outplayed their bitter NHL rivals, the Montreal Canadiens, in a tense 4-2 hockey game.

Whereas sitting in Parliament is a brand-new experience for 35-year-old Red Kelly, winning hockey games is old stuff. He is one of the few players in the NHL who has scored more than 200 goals, and he has been named to the league's All-Star team no less than eight times. The highest scoring defenseman in history, Kelly is now in his 16th year in the big league, a career already twice the length of the average and still going strong. Last April, Red led Toronto to its first Stanley Cup in 11 years, and he cannot enter a taxi, restaurant or airport without being asked for his autograph. Largely because of this popular idolatry, Red Kelly agreed, soon after the Cup victory, to enter politics. The decision was popular with fans (and constituents) but not with everybody.

"Sure, I had my doubts," says Toronto's gruff, peppery Coach Punch Imlach. "My theory is that a man can't serve two masters. Red's getting old, I felt he needed every possible day of rest and training. Instead, he missed part of training camp, where all kinds of rookies were making a bedline for him, anyway. They figured they'd take his spot because an old man will injure easier. No respect for our M.P.s, you see."

Imlach's apprehension seemed justified as the season opened with a tired Kelly getting off to a very poor start.

He tried to play despite an onset of flu, was knocked cold in a game against Boston, then missed four games. Any normal man would have known it was time to quit, but not Red. "There's always an exception—and that's Red," says Imlach, with rare affection. "He is an exceptional person. He's the type who if he feels he's hurting the team will go out and work all the harder."

Kelly did just that. Now, suddenly, he is playing better than ever, having scored five goals and five assists in 16 games. His recovery has lifted Toronto from a dismal 4-6-1 to a contending 10-9-1, moving rival Montreal Coach Toe Blake to say: "Red Kelly is still one of the greatest hockey players on ice."

Kelly learned to skate at age 2 on his parents' 200-acre farm near Simcoe, Ont. Until his marriage three and a half years ago, he worked on the farm every summer, strengthening his legs by marching behind a plow. "I used to love to plow the fields," he recalls, "because I could sing at the top of my voice and no one could hear me. Except the horse, and he couldn't say anything."

The Detroit Red Wings signed Kelly in 1947 at the precocious age of 19. He responded by helping them to eight championships and four Stanley Cups in 12 years. Then, in a deal that shocked the NHL, he was traded to New York near the close of the 1960 season. He had fallen into disfavor with Detroit General Manager Jack Adams, first for his frankness in facing Adams with the team's complaints ("I felt that was my duty as captain," says Kelly) and second for admitting to a newspaper reporter that Adams had urged him to play part of the previous season six days after breaking an ankle. The story created a sensation. "Adams tried to get the doctor to say the ankle wasn't broken," says Kelly, "but it was." Rather than report to last-place New York, Kelly decided to quit. Five days later, after considerable backstage maneuvering, league officials okayed a deal by which he was to report instead to Toronto, and Kelly changed his mind.

Red made his first appearance with Toronto the very next night. When his



Photograph by Tony Stone

line skated onto the ice, the ex-Detroit received a four-minute ovation that has never been matched in Maple Leaf Gardens. "Just when the applause should have died down," recalls Rod, "everyone stood up."

In Detroit, Kelly had become one of the best defensemen in the league, but Punch Imlach, who is never inhibited by tradition, decided to make a center of him. In doing so, he lighted the spark that propelled a formerly floundering club to the finals of the Stanley Cup. In the semifinals Toronto met Detroit. "I never once looked up in that box where I knew Adams would be looking down at us," says Kelly softly. "I knew they'd be told to come after me, and they did, but it didn't bother me. The more they came the harder I fought. I figure it made me play better. I liked it."

Toronto liked it too. The Leafs grew even stronger the next year as Kelly fed long, daring passes to a brilliant but brooding young prodigy named Frank Mahovlich who, up to then, had failed to live up to his early promise. Under Kelly's influence Mahovlich's goal production rose from a 1960 total of 18 to 48 in 1961. Mahovlich went on to become the only big-league athlete worth an official \$1 million at the auction block, but it was Kelly who was voted the team's most valuable player. One year later, Toronto finally regained that long-awaited Stanley Cup as Kelly, one of those largely responsible, set a career high of 22 goals scored and a personal low of only six minutes spent in the penalty box. "If you lose your temper while the puck's in play, you only give your opponents an easy chance to score," he says, explaining a philosophy that has long since established him as one of the cleanest players in the game.

Red Kelly speaks softly but with much warmth, while his playing style is so economical it almost looks lazy. He circles smoothly, ready to swoop into the play at precisely the right instant. He unfailingly draws a rising roar from the crowd when he rushes the puck across the blue

continued

THE MEMBER FROM YORK WEST arrives at the House of Commons fresh off the ice.

line into a pack of waiting opponents. A scramble follows, like clothes flying around in a washing machine, and out pops Kelly on the other side with everyone after him.

"Kelly is the best soccer player on ice," says Imlach. "By that I mean he can tie up the other guy's stick while he dances the puck free with his skates and takes off. That's why he's so good in the corners. He uses his body like a wall to keep the others back."

Red Kelly is also a man who can find great pleasure in the discovery that a peacock feather "has beautiful, bright colors on one side, but it's completely dull on the other," and whose fondest moments occur when his 2-year-old daughter lovingly pokes her blanket, her book, her doll and herself under his covers while he takes an afternoon nap before a game. His new job, representing York West's 90,000-odd voters in Parliament, leaves little time for such enjoyments. Since September, when Parliament convened, Red has been commuting several times a week by plane between Toronto and Ottawa.

The tourist-class fare for the 55-minute flight is \$38 round trip, leading one newspaper to compute that Trans-Canada Air Lines will collect between 56,000 and \$9,000 of Kelly's \$10,000 parliamentary income by the time Parliament adjourns next spring. (He gets \$8,000 in salary, \$2,000 in expenses.) But Red is not upset. "I understand they might give me a free trip for Christmas," he grins. Besides, he can still count on \$19,000 or so in pay and bonuses from the Maple Leafs.

Kelly does not waste any nervous energy fretting about his difficult schedule. "I don't worry about it," he said one morning last week. "If I make it, I make it. If I don't, I don't." He was seated on his bench in the Leafs' dressing room, resting after a hard morning practice before flying to Ottawa, and pondering whether his parliamentary work would keep him there overnight or allow him to catch the late plane home. His wide features softened and the boyish look returned as he slowly transformed himself from a dripping athlete into a smartly dressed legislator in a neat brown suit, black chaffis tie and gray Burberry topcoat. He picked up his only luggage, a thin, brown attache case with the initials R K on the side. "Some

people think I should use L for Leonard now, but what the hey," says Red, coming as close to profanity as he ever does. "I've been Red all my life and I'm no different now than I was before."

This unaffected quality as much as his sporting appeal made Kelly attractive to politicians looking for a strong candidate. But when a longtime friend first asked him to stand for Parliament, Kelly turned him down. "Then I began to think of how often we all complain about how badly things are being run, but never do anything about it," says Red, "so I thought maybe I should try."

The Liberals asked Kelly to run in York West, although he lives in another riding (district), a practice that is common in Canada and Britain. His opponent was the incumbent, a Conservative lawyer named John B. Hamilton who had won the office by a solid 19,000 votes in 1958.

"They didn't really expect Kelly'd win," says one York West voter. "They mainly figured he'd help the other candidates draw big crowds." Still, the Liberals gave Kelly all the necessary campaign funds and a solid organization. "They told me frankly that I might not win," he says, "but I never go into anything with that attitude."

The campaign began in the midst of all the elation and excitement over the Stanley Cup, but Kelly had no time for basking in glory. For 45 straight days he was out of his house before 8 a.m., rarely getting back before the family was asleep. "We took to writing notes," explains his wife, Andra, a pretty redhead who formerly appeared in the Hollywood *For Revue*.

"I never had my speeches written out for me," Kelly says. "I couldn't say something if it wasn't really me talking. I didn't make any campaign promises. I just said I'd represent the people to the best of my ability."

"The issues were unemployment, devaluation of the dollar, balance of trade and tight money. I spoke as a husband, father and small businessman [he owns a 36-acre tobacco farm and a 12-lane bowling alley near Simcoe]. Talk to my wife," I said. "Her regular budget isn't enough anymore because prices are so high." I asked people how long a business or a government could go on operating deeper and deeper in debt."

Kelly concentrated on meeting people personally. He signed thousands of

photographs, drawing such crowds that "sometimes I felt like the Pied Piper." As the race tightened, his opponents tried to ridicule the idea of a hockey player going to Parliament. "I think that only helped me," says Red. "It made me work all the harder when I might have let down." The hard work paid off. Kelly became part of the Liberal sweep of usually Conservative Toronto, winning by more than 3,500 votes.

Kelly realizes that he is on trial, so to speak, but it does not rattle him. "If they're not happy with me then I'll have to get out, right? I wasn't elected for life, after all. I'm a raw amateur at this and if I make mistakes it's not because I'm not trying, it's just because I don't know any better. I'm a rookie and rookies take bad falls. But they get up, too."

"Oh yes," agrees his trim, efficient secretary, Catherine McNeely. "We've had a lot of hostility from constituents who feel he can't represent them and play hockey, too. I don't see how he keeps it up. He's so conscientious. I've seen him arrive here at 4:30 in the afternoon and fly back six hours later."

Although Kelly did not attend college, he probably is better equipped for his new role than many of his colleagues. He has a deep reservoir of native intelligence, and his sincerity lets him say things naturally that career politicians never quite manage, even with practice. "I have two children," he said recently in defense of U.S. President Kennedy's stand on Cuba, "and I don't want them growing up under Russia."

As a Liberal, M.P. Kelly is a member of the minority. However, the Liberals recently came within a whisker (eight votes) of forcing another general election and Kelly, like his colleagues, is confident they will succeed in toppling the Conservative government by spring.

"Why do you want to force another election?" Maple Leaf Forward Bob Pulford recently challenged Kelly. "It only means you'll have to run all over again, and you might lose."

"Because," Kelly replied, "I believe that is exactly what my constituents want me to do."

"I'll tell you one thing," says Coach Punch Imlach. "People are always saying what a great credit Red is to the sport of hockey. Well, he's not only a credit to hockey, he's just as much a credit to those people up there in Ottawa, too."

END



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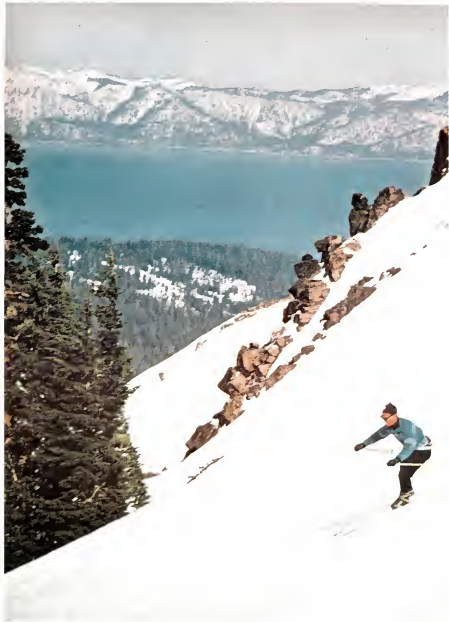
Until quite recently an American ski resort was a cheerful but unprofitable venture operated by an Austrian with a dream, a businessman looking for a write-off or a couple of Dartmouth boys trying to avoid work. But now, with 2 million customers to draw on, prosperity comes

THE SWEET SNOWY LOOK OF SUCCESS

with the first winter chill. The millions of dollars spent on fancy lodges and equipment has helped, but the main requirement is, of course, good snow. The best of the burgeoning ski areas, such as Taos, New Mexico (right) and those on the following pages, have plenty. They have something else, too—a certain esprit of their own that makes them as appealing as the most famous European resorts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOERN GERDTS







IN A RUN HIGH ABOVE LAKE TAHOE

three skiers swoop down the deep spring snow at Alpine Meadows, a big, new neighbor of Squaw Valley in the flourishing Donner Summit region of the northern Sierra.



SKIING BY DAY AND BY NIGHT,
vacationers at Big Mountain, Montana, enjoy the
adventure of swinging through powder past snow-
packed trees, then trying an eerie torchlight slalom.





FUN OR MONEY FOR ONE AND ALL

BY EZRA BOWEN

It has been traditional in America that when a man starts to build a ski resort, most of his friends and absolutely all of his enemies ask a single patronizing question: Why? Or express a single patronizing thought: Poor guy. Sympathy was the best such a sporting investor could hope for, and he rarely got that. "See, the ego's involved here," said a friend of John Reilly, the brave man who put out the original stock issue to finance a ski area at Alpine Meadows just over the hill from Squaw Valley, Calif. "Down in Los Angeles, John's just a milkman. [This is a California way of saying Reilly is treasurer of the Carnation Company.] But up here," he continued, gesturing toward a new lift totally buried under several avalanches, "John sees himself as another famous ski pioneer, like Alec Cushing at Squaw Valley or Walter Paepcke at Aspen."

If such a comment sounds cruel or fatalistic, it is quite in keeping with the often cruel and unprofitable business of running an American ski resort. In the entire 33-year history of this baffling industry, since Peckett's Inn at Franconia, N.H. first hired an Austrian ski instructor named Sig Buchmayr and stayed open for the winter of 1929-30, only Aspen among major U.S. ski resorts has ever paid a dividend to its stockholders. Nevertheless, a great many businessmen have found the temptation to start a ski resort intolerable.

In most cases they swiftly discovered that the business was likely to be more intolerable than the temptation. At the grand opening of Sun Valley in December 1936 there was not one flake of snow in the valley. For the opening of the Mt. Mansfield chair lift in Stowe, Vt. four years later the lift broke down, leaving 49 newspapermen dangling in a blizzard for an hour. "I remember that very clearly," said Sepp Ruschp, president of the Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc. "We were pulling them down with ropes, like the Volga boatmen." On opening day for the Mammoth Mountain Inn near Bishop, Calif., an adroit plumber hooked the hot-water system into the hotel's electrical conduits. And there was that most disastrous debut of all, achieved at Squaw Valley in 1949. When the first guests arrived, the floor was not wholly laid. China was stacked in crates outside the lodge. The domestic staff was so short that Cushing's wife pressed into

chambermaid service an old friend who was sitting out her Reno divorce. A guest booted a car over one of Cushing's Lhasa terriers, his daughter Justine broke her leg, and a seething line of people grew longer and longer outside the one functioning toilet. Through it all Cushing wrestled with the plumbing and placated his guests with such soothing remarks as, "Madam, come back in an hour and we'll be ready. Meanwhile don't bother me."

Under these dreary circumstances, the tradition of mourning for resort owners grew, and it flourished through most of the '50s as 540 new cable lifts went up at more than 200 resorts all over the country. In the past five years, however, amid all the usual wailing, some very untraditional smiles have appeared. At Stowe, Aspen, Mt. Snow, Sugarbush and Bromley, the management has been looking suspiciously fat and happy.

The fact is that in this period the U.S. ski business was not just growing—it was growing up. The smart operators were finding out at last how to run their business. They discovered that the old, hairy-chested Dartmouth Outing Club kind of skier had just about vanished. And with him went the willingness to rattle down any icy, rock-strewn excuse for a trail, curl up at night in a drafty attic, dine on soggy oatmeal and limp hot dogs and wait two hours in a lift line. The modern skier wanted the same kind of special atmosphere and service that other vacationers expected—a development well understood by the men whose new and/or fast-growing areas are shown on these pages. Each new has a resort with a distinctive flavor that adds up to the promise of success. Nobody need shed tears for the operators of these areas. They know exactly what they are doing.

The one who knows best is Pete Seibert, 38-year-old impresario of brand-new Vail. "I've been in the ski business in Colorado since I got out of the service," said Seibert. "I've fried hamburgers and taught movie stars to snowplow. I've studied ski areas and hotel and restaurant management in Europe. I've helped build two other Colorado ski areas—Loveland Basin and Aspen Highlands—and I've given advice on at least a dozen more.

"I wasn't doing it for fun. I needed two things: the experience and the right

continued

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SKI RESORTS *Continued*

place to put it to work. The experience was just a matter of time. Finding the place was a matter of eliminating every possibility but the best one. There was never any doubt after I saw Vail."

Seibert saw it after a friend, Earl Eaton, came back from a jaunt through the high mountains west of Denver and said there was some mighty good-looking ski terrain just beyond the point where Vail Pass opens onto the western slope of the Rockies. Seibert drove out of Denver on Route 6 until he came to the proposed ski area. But all he could see was a medium-high, steep, timbered shoulder that might pass for a mountain in Massachusetts but is little more than a pitcher's mound by Colorado standards. Then he hiked up over the shoulder, and there, rising to the timberline, was a genuine Rocky Mountain, whose gently undulating summit slopes were surrounded by four beautiful ski bowls. "I turned my skis loose on three feet of powder," said Seibert, "and it made me giddy. One way or another, I was going to make this place go."

Shortly after that first visit, Seibert, Eaton and some Denver friends formed a little front organization called the Transmontaine Rod and Gun Club and bought up the ranch property at the bottom of the mountain where the Vail base area is now being completed. "We didn't want to tip our hand before we had the place sewed up," Seibert explained. "The club seemed like a logical front."

It was—but it didn't fool anyone. "Rod and Gun Club, your mother-in-law," snorted an Aspen friend. "Seibert has found his mountain."

He then began finding money for his mountain. At the summit he put up a Quonset hut. Next he got hold of a snow tractor and a skiing friend named Bob Parker to help promote the place. Whenever a live financial prospect popped up, he would be invited to Vail. Seibert and Parker would drive him up the mountain in the tractor, wine him and dine him in the Quonset and then, if the man could ski, one of them would lead him down the slopes. Sometimes the leadership was a little blind: one Texan skied into the creek at the base area. But when he thawed out he was ready to put up some cash. So were a lot of other investors, \$1.8 million worth of investors, more boodle than any U.S. ski resort had ever had to start with.

Seibert had the capital Dec. 22, 1961, before he so much as started building the first lift. Since then, he has found so much more that when Vail opens on December 15 some \$5 million will have gone into it, and all of this has gone just where Seibert wanted it. "I'd seen ski areas suffer because people who were writing the checks and calling the plays didn't know anything about the ski business," he said. "I didn't want that to happen to Vail."

It didn't. Seibert called all the plays and then saw that they were run off properly. First, 1,000 acres of land were acquired on both sides of the road at the base of the mountain so that no real-estate speculator could muscle into the middle of the Alpine village Seibert planned. Then 10 square miles of the mountain were leased from the White River National Forest. This doubly insured exclusive control, since the Forest Service owns all the adjacent terrain and never lets one lift builder crowd another. Of the 10 square miles of mountain, six will be opened to skiers this winter by a

9,500-foot gondola, two double chair lifts and a Pomalift. The gondola rises to the base of one of the bowls. There the skier has his choice of sitting down to enjoy the view from the sundeck of a restaurant or riding one of the chairs to the summit.

When he gets to the top, he will see a great sprawl of open terrain and high peaks that look more like the Tyrol than the Rockies. But when he starts down, if he is a real expert, he may be a bit bored with the descent. The slopes on the back side of the mountain are good enough for anybody. But the very best skiers will find the face of the mountain a trifle slow, especially between the top of the chair and the top of the gondola. The lower two-thirds of the mountain has a kind of endless feeling, too. Willy Schaeffler, director of ski events at the 1960 Winter Olympics, concurs in this judgment: "Vail has the vertical drop—2,700 feet—but I'm not sure it has the steepness, the sharp concave terrain features that challenge really fine skiers. The better runs may be there

somewhere, but I haven't seen them yet."

Seibert, who has observed the long financial struggles of such havens of the ski export as Alta, Utah, couldn't care less about the hotshots. "Vail isn't designed for that fraction of 1% of American skiers," he says. "It is designed to provide the most enjoyable conditions for the average skiers." In this he has succeeded admirably, not only in the contours of his ski trails but also in the character of the village at the base of the mountain. All the buildings are designed in the same style, a not unattractive combination of old Swiss and Howard Johnson. And they are clustered right at the bottom of the gondola—the \$1 million lodge, a ski shop, a cafeteria and a 52-unit motel complete with service station, restaurant and a bar. Surrounding them are 27 private homes, all done in a harmonious mode and a majority belonging to investors in the ski development. "It is masterfully done," says Schaeffler.

Apparently the customers think so, too; the place is booked solid from the opening through the Christmas holi-

continued



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Vail, The Big Mountain, Taos Ski Valley and Alpine Meadows are part of a triangle that encompasses all of the best deep powder areas in the western United States.

SKI RESORTS *continued*

days. There seems no good reason why it should not keep on that way, through the winter and into the summer, too, for Vail's gondola and chair lifts will operate as tourist attractions come thaw time. The restaurant up on the mountain will stay open, as will the lodge, the motel—both of which are putting in swimming pools—and a couple of the shops. Seibert is even providing horses for guests who like to trail-ride, and he is pushing fishing and hunting for the cold but still snowless days of late fall and late spring.

"We've got everything people want," says Pete Seibert, in the new happy vein of resort men. "We'll make it and we'll make it big."

At Alpine Meadows out on the Sierras, John Reilly and his associates have already made it, though not so big and not with quite so sure a touch. They began in December of 1959 and relied on a recently developed law of ski economics that says that if a new resort is built

next to a flourishing old one, then both places will get a double dividend of popularity. In December 1959 what semi-old ski resort was flourishing more than Squaw Valley, where the Winter Olympics were about to be held?

So Reilly set up a corporation to develop Alpine Meadows, just down the backside of KT-22, the mountain on which three of the Olympic ski races were held. Like Seibert, he nailed down the key land, then went looking for money. Unlike Seibert, however, he didn't get all he needed at first. To get it, while still holding the largest block of stock, he had to give over effective control of the operation to a new group headed by Byron Nishkian, a consulting engineer from San Francisco.

Nishkian then proceeded with a few mild missteps of his own. He allowed the top of the chair lift to be put on the unprotected crest of the mountain, so that in midwinter the skier arrives in the teeth of the 40-knot easterlies that howl over the Sierra divide. One of the Pomona lifts was rigged just where half the ava-

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SKI RESORTS *continued*

lanches in the valley come rumbling to a rest. But these are standard, nonfatal blunders in the Sierra, where the bitter weeks of midwinter are scarcely skiable anyway, and a slope that doesn't avalanche during one of the appalling, 10-foot blizzards is hardly a slope at all. Meanwhile, Alpine Meadows has been making nothing but money.

"We first opened over the Christmas holidays in 1961," says Alpine's general manager, Tim Sullivan. "We had 1,500 people on the third day, and we didn't have the lodge or lunch service or even any plumbing."

The mobs of customers thinned a bit at Alpine Meadows through the storms of January and February. But when the sun came out, so did the crowds, and they stayed on into May. They found that the heavy snow on the avalanche slopes of winter stabilized to provide some of the finest spring skiing anywhere. The great ridges and headwalls beyond the lift terminals sweep down into long, even

slopes where the most uncoordinated novice could look fairly flashy—and, failing that, could have a glorious time soaking up the sunshine and the view of Lake Tahoe. When the chair finally closed down on May 13, Alpine Meadows declared a net profit of \$60,000, happily crowing that it was the first ski area ever to make money in its opening season. However, the profit on the ski operation was peanuts compared with the approximately \$500,000 that Reilly and friends have gotten back selling and improving choice plots for chalets near the ski area.

There will be plenty more where that came from, for Alpine Meadows has a lot going besides good real estate values, beautiful spring skiing or proximity to Squaw Valley. Within 20 miles there are two other major areas—Sugar Bowl and Heavenly Valley—that attract skiers. And all four resorts are now co-operating—a staggering first for American skiing—in mutual advertising with

three airlines. Better yet, Alec Cushing of Squaw Valley, who once had the reputation of being the most hard-nosed loner in the hard-nosed and lonely Sierra, astounded everyone not long ago by dropping over to Alpine Meadows to suggest that they link with Squaw Valley via a new chair lift up the back of Squaw Peak or KT-22. This will likely be finished within two years. By that time, Route 40, the major east-west road into the region, will have been expanded from a winding, frequently closed avalanche path to an all-weather four-lane speedway. "When that happens," says Tim Sullivan, "this is going to be like standing at the end of a fire hose. The people are just going to pour in here."

While Alpine Meadows and Vail talk millions, Big Mountain, Mont., is quietly selling something quite different. "We get a lot of family skiers coming here," said President and General Manager Ed Schenck. "We want people to stay and we want to make it pleasant for them." He does. Sixty percent of his customers are young and middle-aged

continued

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Téléfuniculaire—An airborne bus. Large, congenial, holds 20 to 80. Just one major stop for loading and unloading at each end. At Chamonix, Les Houches, Saint-Gervais, Megève, Val d'Isère, Courchevel, Alpe d'Huez, Auron.



Télécabine (open)—The main cable never stops moving. You step on and off your private, mountain-view balcony as it sails slowly by. At Morzine, Samoens, Courchevel, Meribel, Valloire, Auron, Méribiel, Superbagnères.



Télésiège (closed)—A clever new type. Each cabin gets shunted off the constantly moving cable, so you can climb in and out in your own sweet time without holding up everyone else. At Chamonix, Montgenève and others.



Télésiège—A spectacular seat in the sky for 1 or 2. Outdoorsy, breezy, scenically thrilling. You climb on as the seat goes slowly by. At Chamonix, Alpe d'Huez, Châtel, Les Contamines, Les Gets, Superbagnères and others.



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SKI RESORTS *continued*

married couples with children, and 85% of Big Mountain's skiers like the place so much they stay anywhere from three days to two weeks.

Part of the appeal of this resort is the extraordinarily pretty—and skiable—mountain. The main slope, sprinkled with fir, larch and spruce, faces south and west. In most places, this exposure would mean no skiing. But at Big Mountain a moist wind from the distant Pacific mingles with the cold northerlies to provide cloud cover that both protects the upper slopes from turning icy or slushy under the sun and replenishes the existing snow cover with frequent falls of surprisingly good powder. At the very summit this unique climatic condition creates beautiful groupings of surrealist statues (*see cover*) as the clouds sift through the evergreens, plastering them with tumbings of hoarfrost and snow.

The trail plan is perfect for family skiing: a wife who is an intermediate skier can ride the double chair with her expert husband all the way to the top, then take a wide, easy trail down while he tries to kill himself on the 35° pitch of The Big Face or one of the touring bowls beyond the summit. Meanwhile, the small children—or any other novices in the family—can stagger around on the two long, gentle practice slopes at the bottom. All the trails end in the same place, right at the lodge, so there is no mad shuttling from one hill to another trying to collect everybody for lunch. Nor is Big Mountain ever crowded.

But its real appeal is the aura of *Gemütlichkeit*, which the help is hired specifically to generate. This is not a lot of back-slapping, self-conscious square dancing and let's all play charades. It's a natural, easy atmosphere that makes a new guest feel as though he had arrived at an old friend's house.

"I spend two months each year just hiring," said Schenck. He insists on and gets lift attendants who smile and say, "Good morning," "Good afternoon," and "How was the last run?" as if they really care. The ski patrol says, "Excuse me," if it has to close a trail, and then may ask you to join in for a run. The young men and women who work in the chalet are good ski companions—but they are a cut above the ski bums who double as maikopers at some resorts.

The hospitable attitude seems to rub *continued*



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SKI RESORTS continued

off on the guests, who mingle easily on the slopes, at meals, in the chalet bar (opens at 11:30 a.m.) or the Bierstube at the lodge.

There are only two minor things wrong with Big Mountain. One is the rooms; though comfortable and livable, they are not designed for the carriage trade. The other is that, despite the cloud cover and careful cutting of trails, the lower pitches of the main mountain and parts of both practice slopes can get mushy on some afternoons. But this is tugging about an otherwise excellent area which, in the two years since the main chair lift went in, has become perhaps the most pleasant small family resort in the U.S.

While Big Mountain goes happily and profitably on its way, at Taos, N. Mex., Ernie Blake is doing his best to pretend that he and his resort are suffering the traditional pangs of the ski business. "You don't run a place like this to make money," said Blake. But anytime a sharp, quick, well-organized Swiss like Blake runs a place, it is not likely to lose particularly when the surroundings are as unique and fascinating as they are at Taos.

Blake's tight little ski complex is set in an isolated snow bowl 9,400 feet up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The ski hill, rising sharply—a frightening 60° under the lift line—to 11,200 feet, gets a deep but dry blanket of November-to-May snow that connoisseurs consider as good as Alta's, i.e., the best powder skiing in the country. This hill is no place for beginners. (There is a so-called beginners' slope at the bottom, but the crowds are so light and the snow so deep that there is no packed snow for the beginner to begin on.) The easiest run from the top takes an intermediate with a certain amount of fortune, and the hardest run, the lift line, takes an expert with good legs and a love of high places.

The nearest habitation to the resort is the Indian village of Arroyo Seco, 10 miles down the Honda Canyon on a gravel road. Nine miles beyond that is the old (17th century) Spanish town of Taos. A colony of artists there has, by a series of chain-saw night raids on neon signs and garish billboards, convinced every new merchant—including Safeway, Conoco and J. C. Penney—to put up one-story buildings in the proper adobe motif.

At one corner of town there is an authentic and still functioning pueblo, continued

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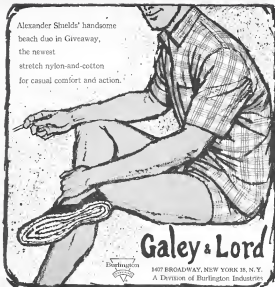
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SKI RESORTS *continued*

founded in 1276, as near as anyone can tell, when a drought is said to have driven the tribe out of its cliff homes at Mesa Verde and into the New Mexico area. Aside from the ancient and middle-aged cars, the occasional glass windows and the Sears, Roebuck blankets the elders wrap themselves in, there is almost no difference between the way these Indians live now and the way they did when the conquistadores first showed up.

There is no setting like this anywhere else in American skiing, and Blake has done nothing to spoil it. In fact, he has added to it. At the base of the ski hill he helped put up the cozy, 20-bed Hotel St. Bernard, run by two French skiers, Jean and Bernard Mayer, who know how wine and salad should taste. They also know how to teach skiing, which they do in Blake's school, an oddly unprejudiced organization that will teach in any style the pupil prefers, rather than try to remake the poor sinner in some locally favored image.

Near the hotel are two other newly refurnished inns, a ski shop and the just-completed Chalet St. Bernard, owned by Ski Instructor Chilton Anderson, a bony Philadelphia who plays a passable cello for the Taos string trio in his rare spare time.

Because of its isolation and because Blake has carefully avoided advertising until the area was completely ready, very few people have discovered Taos. But the word is getting around and, despite the owner's mock despair ("In summer we live off the tax losses we suffer in winter"), it is fast becoming a money-making model of the small resort that gives the modern ski vacationer the special flavor he is looking for. The fact is that Blake can hardly manage the traditional ski-resort man's frown anymore, nor can his smiling fellow businessmen at the likes of Vail, Alpine Meadows and Big Mountain.

TRAVEL FACTS

BIG MOUNTAIN, Montana is best reached by Great Northern Railway—either from east or west (St. Paul or Seattle). West Coast Airlines has a daily two-engine flight from Great Falls or Spokane to Flathead County Airport (8 miles from Whitefish). Whitefish, a 20-minute bus ride from Big Mountain, has a 30-room hotel, the Cadillac (\$3-50-
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SKI RESORTS

\$16) and half a dozen motels, some with kitchens (\$4-\$18 per unit) catering to skiers. At Big Mountain itself there are the Chalet and Ski Lodge (\$15-\$16 with bath, \$13-\$14 without, American plan). Lodge dorm is \$10. Big Mountain ski weeks, which include instruction, are \$98.68, \$119.68 or \$134.68 per person, according to convenience of the bath. A day ticket on the chair lift costs \$5.50, on the T bar \$3.50. For information and reservations contact Ed Schenck, The Big Mountain, Whitefish, Mont.

VAIL, Colorado is a three-hour drive from Denver on U.S. 6 when the road is clear. Rates at the 175-200 capacity Lodge at Vail average \$15 per person per day, modified American plan. A motel, the Vail Village Inn, opening December 15, will charge \$18 per room, double occupancy, European plan. A day ticket on all lifts costs \$5. Learn-to-ski weeks, from \$115 (dormitory, breakfast, classes, lifts and dinner) are Jan. 6-12, 13-19; April 7-13, 14-20, 21-27. For all accommodations write Siegfried Faller, The Lodge, Vail, Colo.

ALPINE MEADOWS, California is a 3½-hour drive on U.S. 40 from San Francisco. There are no overnight accommodations in Alpine Meadows as yet, but Tahoe City—less than half an hour's drive away—has plenty of motels. Rates are around \$8 single and \$10 double. However, Squaw Valley itself is closed of all—a 15-minute drive. The Squaw Valley Inn costs \$8-\$22 and the Squaw Valley Lodge \$14-\$24, both European plan. The Olympic Village charges \$8 for two and \$10 for three for rooms without meals. The chair lift costs \$5 per day, \$125 for a season ticket. The Tahoe City motels are promoting Monday-through-Friday ski weeks: \$55 per skier for a Continental breakfast, box lunch, lift and class; \$30 more buys the weekend, too. For information contact Tim Sullivan, Alpine Meadows, Box 865, Tahoe City, Calif.

TAOS SKI VALLEY, New Mexico is 70 miles from Santa Fe. The Honda Lodge has space for 100, and the Hotel St. Bernard has 20 beds. A private room and bath, double occupancy, American plan, costs \$12-\$15 per person. Newly opened Chalets St. Bernard have 72 beds. Private room and bath, American plan, are \$12-\$15, dormitory \$9. Use of all lifts costs \$4 a day. Learn-to-ski weeks (any time except Dec. 26-Jan. 3) include all lifts and classes and three meals a day for seven days (\$75 in a dormitory, \$105 in a room of one's own). Taos city's super restaurant, La Dona Luz, is staying open this winter for the first time. For information write Ernie Blake, Taos Ski Valley, Box 856, and for reservations contact Jean Mayer, Taos Reservation Office, Box 931, both at Taos, N. Mex.

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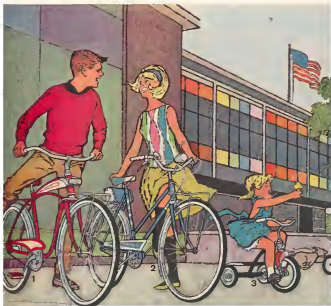


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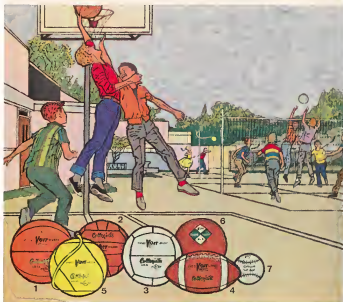
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Master in the Ivy's den of virility

Bob Blackman led Dartmouth to an undefeated season—and the 'animals' from Hanover loved it

Bob Blackman, the partially reconstructed interloper whose Dartmouth team won the Ivy League championship two weeks ago, finds he can amuse his friends back west with true stories about coaching Ivy football. "I am consistently amazed, as I am pleased, by the things that happen," he said recently in Hanover. "A few years ago I had a valuable player come in before the Yale game and ask to be taken off the traveling roster. 'I can't make the trip,' he said. 'What? Why?' 'I've got to study,' he said. They'll never believe that in Long Beach."

It is Dartmouth's experience, however, and Yale's and Harvard's and Princeton's, as well, that Blackman is a man to be believed—and reckoned with. Last Saturday at Princeton, his fine western stylings and his fine southern quarterback, Billy King, and his fine eastern center linebacker, Don McKinnon, survived an inspired challenge and won an exciting game, 38-27. It is not an artistic success for Blackman, for he teaches defense as well as offense, but for Dartmouth, the somewhat inscrutable backwoods member of the Ivies, it was a climax to a season that brought the Indians their first unbeaten, untied team since 1925, a warming achievement for the cheerless Hanover winter ahead.

Dartmouth College is just on the fringe of the broad-A belt (good your fighth with vigah). Remotely stationed, it is not much on the fringe of anything else, save the White Mountains. It is the third smallest college in the Ivy League with a 2,900 all-male enrollment. Harvard and Yale men twinedly call Dartmouth men "animals" in recognition not of their scholarship, which is unassailable, but of their taste, which runs to B-19 Air Force parkas and aviation boots in the New Hampshire winters.

Dartmouth was founded in 1769 by the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, who accord-



BEFORE PRINCETON GAME, BLACKMAN REVIEWS PLAY WITH PRIZE BACK BILL KING

ling to song was "a very pious man, he went into the wilderness to teach the In-dy-an, with a Gradus ad Parnassum, a Bible and a drum, and five hundred gallons of New England rum." Naturally, the Indians fled. The school is noted for its beautiful campus, its uninhibited football bonfires (they burn railroad ties) and its disdain for Harvard and Yale ("those grundy schools grind out scholars like hamburger"). It is ancient, it is relaxed, it is out in the sticks. In short, say the he-man students of Dartmouth, it is great. "There are those," said Daniel Webster, "who love it."

Culture and fitness

President John S. Dickey craves the weekends with culture—Monet originals are now being shown at the Hopkins Center—and athletic events to keep the boys out of mischief. Sixty-five percent of the student body participates in some organized athletics. Wholesomeness fairly screams at you. At football games some Dartmouth cheerleaders have been known to go barefoot and wear nothing but red warpaint on their upper torsos,

whooping it up on the sidelines with a jug marked XXX as a joke. "In 25°, brother, it's no joke," says one ex-cheerleader. "It's blackberry brandy and it stands between you and pneumonia."

Into this den of virility Blackman came in 1955 after great success at San Diego Naval Training Station, Monrovia (Calif.) High, Pasadena City College and Denver University. The new order quickly drew attention. Fans at Memorial Field, used to averting their eyes from the field where Navy was running up the score, now sat unswirling in their seats. Blackman, a militarist and a perfectionist, introduced organization to everything, even the bonfires, the cheerleaders, the practices (no more waving to your friends on the sidelines). The uniforms were changed; so, drastically, was the offense. Blackman's only losing season was his first, 3-6, in 1955. Since 1956, when the Ivy League formalized and began round robin play, Dartmouth has won 36, lost 11, the best record in the league. It also won the Ivy title in 1958.

A native Iowan, Blackman has the round face and chronic smile of a ginger-

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

bread man. Relaxed at home with his wife, Kay, and sturdy children, Gary, 16, and Julie, 13, he could be Robert L. Blackman, Prop., Blackman's Dry Goods. He is 43, short and stocky, and walks—or more often, trots and runs—with a slight limp, the result of polo, which ended his football playing after his freshman year at Southern California. He is one of a growing breed of similarly successful modern coaches—Dietzel, Royal, Faulkner, Broyles, et al.—an iconoclast, an innovator, a tactful administrator and diplomat, a stickler for detail and conditioning (“You never see a gut on a Dartmouth man,” says Brown Lineman John Arata), and an untiring worker. He celebrated a stirring 15-14 victory over Cornell in 1961 by working six straight hours alone in his room on defenses for Princeton. None of his five assistants is a Dartmouth man—three came with him from Denver. He inspires allegiance.

“Blackman understood and accepted the Ivy code—no spring practice, no scholarships, terrific entrance requirements—and quickly learned to live with it,” said Athletic Director Red Rolfe, the ex-Yankee third baseman. “If I were in another league,” says Blackman, “I’d want to play it their way—spring practice, scholarships, the works. But here it’s different and it may sound corny, but you appreciate the caliber of boy you get under the system.”

Blackman's success can be equated with his abilities as a recruiter. He has a gift for enduring the charming agonies of high school banquets and once spoke at banquets every night for three straight weeks in the Midwest Contacts are many, admissions to the college are few. He says he once had 16 high school valentines turned away. Admissions Director Eddie Chamberlain strives for balance in campus life. An ex-Dartmouth footballer, Chamberlain is “sympathetic” to the needs of coaches, perhaps more so than most in his job at other Ivy schools, but so is he sympathetic to piccolo players and “other campus necessities.” The football team stands about even with the school percentage (38) of boys getting financial help. It annually achieves grades higher than the school academic average, and Blackman says he has had 100% graduation of his varsity players.

Blackman has turned down offers from several big-time football schools.

He will not say he will never leave Hanover, but at present he gives an appearance of permanence. He has a new contract (at \$14,000, originally) renewable every year. He has settled his family into a \$40,000 California ranch-style house, specially built and overlooking the third hole at the Hanover Country Club. When summer comes, he plays the course. He also plays squash with the college vice-president. He is, by the best organizational standards, in.

Some Ivy League coaches, however, are not won by his ingenuous smile. They are reluctant to discuss him. They object privately to his seemingly ungracious attitude toward losers. A Columbia man recently said, “Blackman is not likely to say anything—anything—nice about anyone else’s team.” Others say he poormouths before the season and means about his injuries, most of which are miraculously healed by game time. A number of his critics thought it ludicrous when Blackman said after this year’s Brown game: “I was as worked up about Brown as I would have been if we were playing Ohio State.” Dartmouth won, 41-0.

Explaining every mistake

Some of the criticism is perhaps valid; some is sour grapes. Ivy League coaches generally don’t fraternize enough to know each other’s moods. Blackman is, in fact, an inveterate perfectionist who feels impelled to explain every mistake. He is unaware of the criticism. John McLaughry of Brown says he likes Blackman and says everybody respects him, “and if they don’t they’re crazy.”

Blackman is a remarkably complete coach whose teams are as imaginative and daring and sound defensively as they are offensively. (Cornell’s Tom Harp says Dartmouth is more difficult to prepare for than anybody. Navy included.) He gears to do complex things in a simple manner; his offense will run the same plays from a variety of formations, including his own creation, the V, in which the fullback lines up on the quarterback’s heel, between the guard and tackle, to act as a blocking back in the fashion of the single wing. It is a power formation, especially effective for short yardage.

Blackman makes quick, subtle changes on defense to confuse the eye. “What looks like a standard 5-3 may in reality be something else,” he says.

Long proud of their defense, which shut out five teams this fall, the Indians brooded over Cornell’s scoring 21 points

the week before the Princeton game. Dartmouth won, 28-21. Where the defense failed, the offense was superb, as it was against Princeton. The Indians do not fluster on the attack, they have a coolness of execution and an almost professional surety of accomplishment.

Blackman had his first real success with the three-platoon system this year (this was his biggest, deepest squad), but in serious scrapes—as against Cornell and Princeton—the system gave way to some rather frantic scrambling. It was at these times that King and Linebacker McKinnon and Halfback Tom Spengenberg were sacred members. Quarterback King, from Richmond, Va., is a special delight to the partisans because he gets no scholarship help; his father, a Dartmouth grad, is president of the Virginia Bar Association. More important to Dartmouth football, King is the best quarterback in the league, better than Gary Wood of Cornell, better than Archie Roberts of Columbia. He may be the best in the East and possibly as good as the Bakers and Miras and Myers of the nation. He set six Ivy records. He captained the Indians, he ran, he passed, he blocked, he kicked, he made speeches at banquets in compelling Southernese ("Lord sakes, we bettah win Sattaday") and charmed his elders with his courtliness.

King uses himself freely, especially near the goal (13 touchdowns this season) and is positively audacious on third and fourth downs. He had uncanny success against Princeton: a 24-yard pass on

fourth down to set up one touchdown, a 19-yard third-down pass to keep a touchdown drive going, a 23-yard third-down pass to set up a touchdown in the third quarter. But the most audacious was in the fourth quarter, third and nine on the Dartmouth 13 and an aroused Princeton trailing, 27-31. Blackman called for a quick kick into the wind. Spengenberg, a junior, suggested in the huddle that the wind might hurt him, "Why not run?" At the line of scrimmage King checked off the quick kick, called a pitchout and Spengenberg ran 29 yards to the Dartmouth 42. Minutes later he scored the clinching touchdown.

Ernie Roberts, the Dartmouth publicity man, has been charged with dressing five men at a time in McKinnon's No. 51 jersey, the logic being that no one man could cover so much ground. Blackman unashamedly plumps McKinnon for All-America. He stops films at quarterback luncheons to point at McKinnon's image. "Now," he says, "watch him on this play," and, sure enough, No. 51 performs the predicted atrocity.

McKinnon has been the best lineman on the field, by press box vote, in every Dartmouth game. He is big, 6-3, 215 pounds, a prelaw student like King who hopes to play pro football in hometown Boston while he attends law school. A Yale back, asked to comment on McKinnon after the game, said, "I really couldn't say. He hit me on the first play and I was still groggy under the shower two hours later."

END

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

For most college teams the season is over. Only the traditional post-season games and the usual bowls remain to be played. USC (9-0) and Wisconsin (8-1) are set for the Rose Bowl, Texas (9-0-1) and LSU (8-1-1) for the Cotton Bowl, Arkansas (9-1) and probably Mississippi (8-0) for the Sugar Bowl, Oklahoma (7-2) and almost certainly Alabama (8-1) for the Orange Bowl, Georgia Tech (6-2-1) and Missouri (7-1-2) for the Bluebonnet Bowl. One other likely pairing: Penn State (9-1) and Miami (6-3) or Florida (6-3) in the Gator Bowl. The Gotham and Liberty bowls, still foraging for candidates, might find receptive ears at Oregon State (8-2), Duke (8-2), West Virginia (8-2), Boston College (7-2), Villanova (7-2) and even at TCU (5-4).

continued



BACK OF THE WEEK: Oklahoma Quarterback Monte Deere passed for 158 yards and three touchdowns in the Sooners' crushed Nebraska.

LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Penn State Guard Harrison Rendahl made nine tackles in 16-0 win over Pitt, helped keep pressure on passer.



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. DARTMOUTH (8-0) 3. PITT (8-0)

Although Dartmouth's Ivy League champions completed an unbeaten season by polishing off Princeton, independent Penn State proved it was indeed the best in the East. But first the Nittany Lions had to overcome a surprisingly doughty Pitt defense. The Panthers pinched off State's runners, but they couldn't quite cope with Quarterback Pete Liske, the most prolific passer-runner in Penn State history. Liske threw to Roger Kochman and Al Gursky for touchdowns and the Lions won 16-0.

To the rest of the football world, it was hardly an earth-shaking event, but to the 39,000 bundled into Harvard's stadium. The Game was just that. A stubborn Yale defense finally succumbed to Harvard's hard-running backs. Bill Taylor smashed over from the four, second-stringer Fred Bartl scored from the two in the last period and Harvard won easily, 14-6.

Penn unexpectedly gave old rival Cornell some trying moments and even led the Big Red 22-21 in the last quarter. But Gary Wood, who ran and passed magnificently all day to set still another Ivy record, swept around end for 19 yards to give Cornell a 29-22 victory. Columbia's Archie Roberts, another record-breaker, spent most of his day dodging Rutgers linemen who pouted through the weak Lion wall in a savage rush. The result, Rutgers 22, Columbia 6.

West Virginia Quarterback Jerry Yost was just too much for Syracuse. He foisted their tackles with trap plays, sneaked over for one score, passed for another, and the futile Orangemen bowed 17-6. Holy Cross doublecrossed Connecticut 36-14 as Pat McCarthy passed for two touchdowns and ran for a third.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. MISSISSIPPI (9-0)
2. LSU (8-0) 3. ALABAMA (8-0)

Everybody, including Miami Coach Andy Gustafson, anticipated a passing duel between his George Mira and Northwestern's Tom Myers. Gustafson even dreamed up a special defense for the occasion—a five-man line with three linemen. Mira passed as well as he could (11 for 25) in the face of Northwestern's furious rush, but Myers passed only occasionally and, instead, sent his backs, led by Dick McCauley and Steve Murphy, thundering over Miami's bruised tackles. Despite the frightful hammering, Miami stubbornly stayed with its defense and absorbed a 29-7 shellacking for its trouble.

If North Carolina never sees Duke's Bill Reynolds again that will be soon enough. A year ago he beat the Tar Heels 6-3 with two field goals. Saturday he beat them again, this time with three field goals. With Duke trailing surging North Carolina 14-13 and

49 seconds to play, Reynolds calmly kicked a 20-yarder to give the Blue Devils the game, 16-14, and the Atlantic Coast title.

Clemson, too, needed a field goal to win. Rod Rogers booted the ball over from the 14 (for the second time) in the closing minutes to beat South Carolina 20-17. Maryland got one from John Harman but didn't really need it as it whipped Virginia 40-18. Frisky sophomores did most of the damage, with some help from senior Tom Brown, who ran back an intercepted pass 100 yards to snuff out a late Virginia rally. North Carolina State trounced poor Wake Forest 27-3.

Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia Tech were all idle, but LSU's Bengals sharpened their claws for the Cotton Bowl by romping over Tulane 38-3. Auburn, with no place to go come New Year's, blew a 14-point lead and muddled to a 14-14 tie with perky Florida State. Kentucky's Charlie Bradshaw was so moved that he wept when his hardened but skunky squad, down to 26 able bodies, upset Tennessee 12-10. Clark Mayfield's 19-yard field goal, with 16 seconds to go, brought on Bradshaw's happy tears.

VMI celebrated Thanksgiving Day with a scrambling, come-from-behind 14-9 victory over Virginia Tech and, for its efforts, won the Southern Conference championship.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WISCONSIN (9-0)
2. MINNESOTA (8-0-1) 3. OKLAHOMA (7-0)

Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson is a man who likes his football hard and crunchy and that's the kind of game Nebraska's Bob Devaney was prepared to defend against. But Devaney was in for a surprise—and a 34-6 licking. Quarterback Monte Decker, when he wasn't steering sophomore Fullback Jim Graham through the maddie on trap plays—passed over the puzzled Huskers for three touchdowns as Oklahoma won the Big Eight title and a trip to the Orange Bowl. Grouched Devaney: "I and we were concerned with their running game. We should have shot the air out of the football."

The other Big Eight teams played out the string. Kansas, aware of Missouri's well-known reluctance to throw the ball, bottled up the Tiger runners with a nose-man front and squeezed out a 3-3 tie on Gary Dull's 26-yard field goal with 2:30 to go. Oklahoma State ended to witness Kansas State's misery with a 30-6 victory and Dave Hoppman led Iowa State past Sun Bowl-bound Ohio 31-22. There was even some solace for Colorado. After Coach Bud Davis submitted his resignation, the Bulls tore into Air Force and shocked the unsuspecting Falcons 34-10.

The most turbulent Big Ten race in years was over Wisconsin lead the championship after beating Minnesota 14-9 (see page 24), but Purdue and Michigan State got their lumps again. Indiana upset the Hoosiers 12-7 on Mary Woodson's 92-yard run with an intercepted pass while Illinois scored in

continued



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the second quarter, then hold on grimly to outlast Michigan State 7-6. Ohio State, the biggest disappointment of all, finished strong. Fullbacks Dave Francis, Bob Butts and Dave Katterhensch chewed up the Michigan line with their blunts inside the tackles and the Buckeyes won 28-0.

Notre Dame finally made up for its indignities beaped upon it by Big Ten rivals. Darley Lamonica passed and ran brilliantly, little Frank Mink scooted around the bigger Iowa defenders, and the Irish whipped the Hawkeyes 35-12 for their fourth straight.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (9-0) 2. ARKANSAS (9-0) 3. TEN (8-1)

For a while it seemed that Texas was in for its annual frustration. Texas A&M confused the usually sharp Longhorn defense with an unbalanced line and the Aggie backs ripped merrily through the gaps. Mike Clark kicked a 20-yard field goal, his seventh of the year, and A&M led 3-0 at the half. Then Texas adjusted its defenses. Quarterback Johnny Gemung came off the bench to get the ball moving and pretty soon the Longhorns were in a position to count their spoils: a 13-3 victory, their first unbeaten season in 39 years, their first outright SWC title since 1952, and the host spot in the Cotton Bowl.

Second-place Arkansas was happy with its consolation prize—an invitation to the Sugar Bowl—and showed its gratitude by hammering Texas Tech 34-0 as Quarterback Billy Moore ran for three touchdowns and passed for two more. TCU's Sonny Gibbs scored twice, passed for two touchdowns and a two-point conversion and Rife fell 30-7. Baylor's Don Trull missed a new SWC passing record, but the Bears still beat SMU 17-13.

Arizona State, the nation's leading offensive team, looked like it for only 10 minutes in the second quarter, when it scored all its points. Arizona put across two touchdowns in the final period and upset the Sun Devils 20-17.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Army over Navy. Staibach's passing will bother the Cadets, but not quite enough.

Boston College over Holy Cross. Both have good backs. The difference is up front.

Alabama over Auburn. Tougher defense and Namath's passing will win for Alabama.

Mississippi over Mississippi State. Ole Miss has too much firepower for State.

Tennessee over Vanderbilt. Tennessee's single wing will overpower poor Vandy.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
10 RIGHT, 4 WRONG, 9 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 126-89-11

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. USC (9-0) 2. WASHINGTON (7-2-1) 3. OREGON STATE (6-4)

Despite persistent rumors, college football hadn't died in Los Angeles. It was merely hibernating. Some 86,700 crowded into the Coliseum to watch USC defend itself against UCLA and they weren't disappointed. Harassed and harried by the Bruins' sticky defense (a 5-2-1-3, with Halfback Korman Alexander playing End Hal Bedsole man-to-man and the rover keyed on the man-in-motion), the Trojans almost stumbled on the way to the Rose Bowl. But Willie Brown pulled USC through. His leaping catch of Bill Nelson's pass gave the Trojans the ball on the two in the fourth quarter and Ben Wilson bucked over for the score. After that, as Coach Johnny McKay put it, "a little tension went out of the game." Moments later, Pete Beathard plunged over from the one and USC had a scary 14-3 victory.

At Berkeley, 72,700 saw Stanford and California in the West Coast version of The Game. Cal's Craig Morton passed the Bears to a 13-3 lead, but Stanford's Clark Weaver was better in the second half. He completed nine of 11 passes, threw for three touchdowns, and Stanford won 30-13. The win was small comfort for Stanford Coach Jack Curtice, who was reported on his way out.

Up north, Washington State, with Dale Mathiesen pitching and record-breaker Hugh Campbell catching (10 passes for 178 yards), had Washington pinned in a 21-21 tie with about a minute to play. Then Husky Linebacker Norm Dicks intercepted a pass on the WSU seven. In the last 20 seconds Don Stafford kicked a 20-yard field goal, Mathiesen was nailed in his end zone for a safety and Washington eked it out, 26-21.

Oregon State's Terry Baker was the most helpful man in Corvallis last Saturday. He helped End Vern Burke to new college records for passes caught (69) and yardage gained (1,007) in one season and then helped the Beavers overtake Oregon 20-17.

Colorado State lost its 26th straight game—a heartbreaker for Coach Mike Lunde. Montana beat his Rams 16-15.

Florida over Miami. With a bowl in sight, the hardy Gators will be ready for Miami.

TCU over SMU. Despite an often tender defense, TCU attacks too adamantly for SMU.

Rice over Baylor. Randy Kurbow will guide the Owls safely through this one.

UNC over Notre Dame. But USC can't afford to let down against the resurging Irish.

UCLA over Utah. Injuries have softened up the Utes. UCLA has more able bodies.



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Last week in Paris, Laszlo Papp, a Hungarian prizefighter with waves of black hair and a Robert Taylor mustache, successfully defended his European middleweight title by knocking out Hippolyte Annex, a hitherto undefeated French gypsy, in the ninth round. Although this was Papp's 21st professional fight without a loss, it is unlikely that he will ever advance to the head of his class. For one thing, he is 36 years old. For another, he is a southpaw. Most ranking fighters agree with the bitter sentiment of Willie Pep: "They ought to take all left-handers, drop them in a sack and throw the sack in a river." Good fighters shun southpaws.

But fame has amply blessed Laszlo Papp nonetheless. He is the only man ever to win gold medals at three consecutive Olympic Games—1948, 1952, and 1956. And he is (manifestly, at any rate) the only professional athlete from an Iron Curtain nation.

Papp was born in Pest, the commercial half of Hungary's capital. He now lives across the Danube, or across the tracks, in posh, residential Buda. The interior of his home, a bungalow on the

side of Liberty Hill, is light and airy, white with parquet flooring and carpets. The windows are curtained with Brussels lace and there are oil paintings on the walls. His car, a German 1962 Opel Rekord, is parked outside.

Life has not always been so good. Laszlo told a recent visitor, pouring him a cherry brandy from a cut-glass decanter. Papp's father was a plumber, his mother a peasant. After his father died of cancer in 1937, Papp's mother worked as a concierge and ran a small grocery to support Laszlo and his sister. Quitting school at 14, Papp became apprenticed to an optical firm, where he worked for three years. During this period he played soccer, ran on a 400-meter relay team and dabbled in shotputting. "I did about 43 feet," he says. "Like a fleefly I darted from one sport to another. I even practiced wrestling."

He started boxing in 1944 "After two months," Laszlo says, "the coach told me I should take up the sport seriously. I didn't need a lot of persuading because I always seemed to be arguing with the manager of our soccer team and this was a good opportunity to escape

him. It didn't take me long to realize that boxing was the sport I could do best in. The siege of Budapest during the war stopped my progress until 1945, when I joined the Budapest Railway Sports Club and came under the Coach Zsigmond Adler."

An almost dainty man with tiny feet, Adler is the guru of Hungary's 10,000 amateur boxers. In reverent tones, Budapestians say that Adler has "X-ray eyes." They mean he can spot talent a mile off, and mothers from the district of Angyalfold (The Land of Angels), which is roughly comparable to New York's Lower East Side, bring their sons to him in the hope he can make them champions.

There was never any doubt about Papp. The Railway Club got him a job carrying packages in a store, tough work that Laszlo feels helped develop his immensely powerful physique. In three years he had 51 bouts. He lost only one, on points, and had 47 knockouts. In 1948 Papp, then 22, went to London for the Olympics.

"I felt I could be satisfied if I made it through two or three matches," Papp

now recalls. "A lesson would have been learned. I would know some new tricks. It was after the third match there that it occurred to me that instead I could be the teacher."

Laszlo knocked out his first three opponents. The fourth bout was against an Italian whom he had previously beaten, and Papp won by a decision. In the finals he faced a British sailor, Johnny Wright, who had the advantage of being a head taller and of boxing before a friendly crowd. Papp's punches seemed to have little effect on Wright. At the end of the second round, Laszlo was in despair and rapidly becoming exhausted. He then recalled the promise of two compatriots to leap fully clothed into a nearby swimming pool if he won and, stimulated by this prospect, he rallied to beat Wright. "From that time on," says Papp, with a wink, "I became a white-collar worker in the Central Railway Office."

Three gold medals

"In my second Olympics," Papp says, "it was not so easy because I fought several Europeans who were acquainted with my style, but in Melbourne it was not difficult at all. In the final I met José Torres of America [whose middleweight title fight with Paul Pender was called off last month]. He was young, inexperienced and I did what I wanted."

"When I left Melbourne I thought to myself: 'I have won three medals, something nobody has done before. What can I do now? Go for another Olympic medal?' Then the idea occurred to me. I decided I would like to test my skill among the professionals. Considering professionalism is unknown in my country, it was easy. When I got back, everybody asked about my plans and I told them I would like to be a pro. I just mentioned it and they said O.K." Nobody quite knows how this came about, except that Papp had served his country well. All told, he had lost only seven of some 300 amateur bouts.

Papp's first pro fight took place in Cologne. "I was very excited," he says. "I was not well prepared and I was away from home. I could not get the food I like: hot paprika, spices and onions that help to give me strength. Instead of feeling strong I felt sick. My heart was beating madly as I awaited my turn. When I finally climbed into the ring, all I wanted to do was to kill my opponent. I won."

Considering the odds against him, it is extraordinary that Papp has done so well. Discouragingly, Papp can never fight in Hungary, where pro sports are forbidden. His matches have taken him to Germany, France, Italy and Austria. Last May in Vienna he defeated a Dane, Chris Christensen, for the European title before a sellout crowd of 17,000 while another 3,000 watched on closed-circuit TV in a neighboring hall.

He appreciates his problems only too keenly. "Professional boxing is a different world," he says. "It is important to live in it, experience it continually alongside other professionals. Being away has its effect on my nerves. I have only amateur sparring partners who want to give me one but don't want to get one back. I have to take care of them and watch my blows. Whenever I go out I notice the difference immediately. They give me proper sparring partners who give and take blows equally."

"Yet, if I went and trained in a foreign country, I would always be homesick. I would never get the proper food. In France, for instance, they eat like cows. They put what looks like flowers on the table and tell me it is hors d'oeuvres. It is a great malady of Hungarians. They are always homesick."

Reconciled to training without professional help, Laszlo fulfills a lonely regimen with the counsel of Coach Adler. He does much of his training on the Bud side of the Danube—a cool, tranquil sanctuary on a summer's day for refugees from Budapest's stifling streets. When in serious training, he works as a lumberjack, chopping branches, then sawing them into firewood. "Don't think that on Sunday I lie in bed, either," he says. "I go for a walk." Sometimes he travels to the mountains of the High Tatras in Czechoslovakia, which rise over 8,000 feet. He works out at various heights to improve his wind.

Papp took his guest out on the spacious balcony of his home. Below was a green vista dotted with orange, red and brown roofs like autumn leaves on a lawn: Passer, the meadow of the pasha, the lovely site, four centuries ago, of the home of one of the Turks who conquered and ruled Buda.

"There have been very few times in my life," Papp reflected on the balcony, "that I have been on the receiving end of a good punch—touch wood. I was lucky to be born with good reflexes, a

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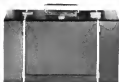
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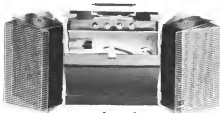
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BOXING continued

good feeling of tune, a good feeling of speed and good nerves. I cannot even define my best punch, because at a given point in a fight I only know that something is telling me that such and such a punch is the right one. If you force your opponent to do what you want him to do, you win the match.

"To be a good boxer you certainly have to be an accurate judge of distance between you and your enemy's fists, and never close your eyes. You must have a placid family and social life with no money problems and no hate. Remember also, with women you can lose your strength, your reputation and your future, and so a sportsman must marry early. Have one or two children and know only one girl your whole life."

Such homilies, as memorable to Hungarians as Baden-Powell's exhortations to boy scouts, have helped make Papp the most beloved sports figure in Hungary. He has starred in a film based on his life, his fights are given unprecedented coverage in Hungarian newspapers and are shown on Hungarian television.

To negotiate his fights, Papp employs an Austrian-born agent who lives in Paris. His purses have helped make life more agreeable for him, his wife and their 7-year-old son, Laszlo Jr. But Papp is emphatic that he is not a real professional. "I'm a professional for the sake of the sport," he says. "I was too big for the amateurs." He still holds down a regular job, at present with the Ministry of Foundry and Machinery, designing workshop production lines, but time off seems to be liberal.

When Laszlo is tired he goes to a swimming pool on leafy Margaret Island in the Danube or reads. He enjoys the works of Maurus Jokai, a prolific, classical Hungarian of the 19th century, and Hemingway. His favorite Hemingway is *The Old Man and the Sea*, in which Papp sees a parallel to himself. "The old man's fighting for his prey," he says, "like the boxer in the ring."

Laszlo predicts that he will fight only two more years before retiring, "to enjoy my fortune and live with my family." His visitor asked him if his son would take up his father's sport. "If my son follows my advice," replied Laszlo Papp, "he won't be a boxer. I cannot tell you why, but I know why. I would like my boy to go to school, then university and be an educated man."

END

A gentle hook can get you out of a tough spot

The deliberately hooked low iron is a valuable shot that is especially useful on a course where there are lots of trees to be maneuvered around or under, or where there is a great deal of wind. It can be used effectively from within a short-iron distance of the green on any occasion when the ball must be kept quite low and brought into the target from right to left to avoid branches or other such obstructions.

Contrary to the general belief, it is not a hard shot to master. It should be executed with most of the weight on the left side and the ball played back toward the right foot. Aim well to the right of the target—practice will determine how much—and keep the club face at address square or slightly closed to the line of flight. Use an iron that is one lower than the distance calls for. From nine-iron distance, for example, an eight-iron should be tried, but with a three-quarter swing. The swing must be a pronounced inside-to-out one, with the clubhead taken up abruptly on the backswing and brought down into the top of the ball. The wrists should roll over naturally at impact. Using a lower club than usual and making a firm but unforced swing takes quite a bit of the excessive hook spin off the ball. The result will be a slightly hooked shot that stays low, stops reasonably quickly and is fairly easy to control; it does not run longways, as a low hook normally would.

Drawings by Francis Golden

To produce a low hook with a short iron the weight should be on the left side, the ball played more off the right foot, and the swing made on a pronounced inside-to-out plane (above left). Only a three-quarter swing should be used, with the wrists rolling over as usual just as the ball is struck (left).

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MOTOR SPORTS / Kenneth Rudeen

A fiesta of cars for Puerto Rico

Vivacious islanders and Roger Penske, the thinking man's driver, were the stars of an attractive new event that should become a fall fixture

AS British Nassau awaited its ninth annual festival of speed, the proud, sensitive, vivacious Latins of a markedly different West Indies island, Puerto Rico, celebrated their first. In two weekends of road racing they tossed their warmest bravos to that affluent Pennsylvanian, Roger Penske, the thinking man's driver, who added the Grand Prix of Puerto Rico to recent rich victories in California (SI, Oct. 29). But to many visitors from the American mainland the *puertorriqueños* themselves were the event's principal stars, whether gaily viewing races or doing rhythmic meanderings at cocktail dances in San Juan.

Where North America and the Caribbean are concerned, the racing map has become a crowded one. There is no longer a season. The sport is now all year long. Puerto Rico occupied one of the few remaining open dates on a fall and winter itinerary that has come to include the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. in October, closely followed by the international sports car races in Riverside and Laguna Seca in California, the Grand Prix of Mexico, Nassau Speed Weeks, a new sports and stock car program in Riverside beginning in January, the sports car and stock car events in Daytona Beach, Fla. in February and, finally, the 12-hour sports car run in Sebring, Fla. in March. A decade ago the only big winter events in existence were those in Daytona and Sebring.

Puerto Rico was a limited success. It might easily have been a disaster. To normal birth pangs were added alarm over the Cuban crisis and the distressing news that young Ricardo Rodriguez of Mexico had been killed in practice for his country's Grand Prix. Cuba nerves were blamed for reducing the Puerto

Rico field of some 80 invited entrants by 25%. The death in Mexico removed not only Ricardo but also his accomplished brother, Pedro, who, quite naturally, chose not to race again so soon. Phil Hill, the world champion, did not appear. New Zealand's world-class man, Bruce McLaren, wasn't there, and neither was Porsche Driver Bob Holbert. Indeed, the only entrant of world stature was California's Dan Gurney.

Without, a good race

But all this having been said, the fact remains that Puerto Rico's race meeting was attractive and entertaining. **ITEM:** Setting. The course, a twisty 1.7 miles near Caguas, inland and south of San Juan, had cost a quarter of a million dollars to build. Wrested from fields of sugar cane and other explosive tropical vegetation, it snakes up and down lush, intensely green slopes and is handsome, though it has only one rather short straightaway and not a single high-speed bend.

ITEM: Prize money. For this ambitious beginning the sponsoring Grand Prix Société de Puerto Rico paid \$20,000 in prizes. That would have been a princely sum for many famous, established events not so long ago.

ITEM: Organization. By his own account, Chairman David Ash of New York, a former racing driver who is sometimes called Mr. MG, began planning for Puerto Rico three years ago and spent most of the last 18 months in concentrated detail work. This was by no means a shoestring operation but one involving an outlay of \$150,000. Among the financial backers were Esso petroleum, Coca-Cola, a local brewery, the island's hotel association and the

continued



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government's department of tourism. ITEM: Attendance. In contrast with Nassau, where the Development Board underwrites the races to generate more tourism but expects few actual spectators, the Puerto Rican people aimed to sell tickets. A sizable group—about 8,000—watched the final two-hour Commonwealth Cup Grand Prix. This winner has never seen a racing throng that enjoyed itself more. Everyone, it seemed, kept an eye on the road and an ear to his transistor radio, whence in trip-hammer Spanish came a fervid call of the race. Enthusiastic word of mouth and a vigorous sell to potential tourists should swell future attendance.

ITEM: The racing. Because the Cagans course is both slippery and abrasive—torture to tires—and subject to sudden rains, far more than routine driving skill and strategic planning is required.

Penske's problem

In the Governor's Cup the suspenseful question was whether Penske, with the best car, might lose enough time in a tire stop to be beaten by the underpowered Porsche of Dan Gurney. Penske thought he would need new rubber. Gurney thought he himself would not.

Penske, as expected, opened a long, long lead with his nice red Cooper special—the former Grand Prix single-seater that he had cannily converted to a sports car and with which he had impudently seized \$17,000 in prizes by defeating Gurney and other more famous opponents in Riverside and Laguna Seca.

There was a whooping Latin lunge toward Penske's pit when, with but 20 minutes of the race remaining, he swept in. But, as it turned out, he needed no more rubber, and off he rolled to win by fully three laps. Penske, 25 and a Lehigh graduate (industrial management), thus added \$3,000 to the swag already earned in his controversial Cooper. Second was another college man and fellow Pennsylvanian, Tim Mayer, 24 (Yale, English lit), who had thoughtfully purchased from Penske a swift, squat Cooper Monaco. The driver who looked the most pensive after it was all over was Gurney. He was profoundly tired of what had become a varsity drag—collegiate riders coping big punes. Gurney was third, his position during most of the race.

But the biggest winner of all was Puerto Rico. It seems to be on the racing map to stay.

END

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UNTHRIFTY GLEE

The "glorious time of great Too-Much," Leigh Hunt called Christmas, going on in the same poem to achieve the phrase, "most unthrifty glee." On the following pages are collected some occasionally unthrifty, but certainly gleeful, gifts. Useful things have intruded themselves as well, even into the children's selection, but they are handsome enough to get away with it. Chosen

with an eye to the sportsman's children (*opposite*), his home and his hobbies (*following pages*), all the gifts that are pictured in this six-page portfolio can be ordered by mail and will arrive in time if you don't fool around and put it off too long. Specifics as to the postage and store addresses are listed at the end of the collection, and we wish you all a great Too-Much.



to the tree, while her monkey (\$25, The Zoo). Below left, an white wren coat, a Mexican fern wheel (\$12, Seabirds & Zippers). Next shelf down, 20 plays correct papers and chess, map and letters, animals and regions (\$18.50, I. L. National). Below shelf, horse and hawk room (\$18.75, I.L.B. Schwarz), next is it, a Burmese wooden horse puppet (\$4.95, Gump's). On ground, "My First 1-2-3 Book" of numbers (\$3, Paper Males), Mexican wood-and-iron electric fan for child's wall (\$31, Textiles & Objects). Above it, animal box for kids

treasures, designed as a doll (\$2, Paper Males), and right, a Robert Crayon Map Set (\$18, Ben Hambel). Lower left, the Big "Y," a metal 17 inches long with 200 parts (\$11, Famous & Rare). Right, Goggles Black, yellow for the Winesale Blood Green (\$3, I. L. National). In front of him, a holder of Tassal engravings, to color, also on the cover with all the neck that Goggles lack (\$3, Paper Males). Behind it, Operation Oiler—a launching pad with adjustable guideway, velocity and altitude controls to send rockets to revolving planets

(\$16, I. L. National). Behind this, paper castle (\$3, Paper Males) right, for the conservative child, horse-drawn tripod (\$125, Sals). 5th Avenue, and on it a wall poster (\$131, Alaska-Arctic Fun). Sky's terror is in front (\$48, The Zoo), as he the right, Bart size (\$24.95) and aluminum poles (\$4, Alcy's), a frog (\$12.50, Sals). Ben Hagen Junior golf club, suited for 10-14-year-olds (\$71, Westchester Country Club Pro Shop). Book in the tree, composite bird (\$3, Paper Males). Top row of Mammals, cat, a wild bear (\$9) and a buffalo

(\$12.50, both Sals); ball (\$16) and her skin rag, with pouch for nifty (\$25, The Zoo). Next row down, fox (\$18.50, Schwarz), police (\$4.50, Sals), wolf, fox, which also holds a nifty (\$19.75, Schwarz), fat fish (\$16, Sals). Next row, parrot (\$18), parrot (\$18.50), and beaver (\$8.50, all Sals); dog named Bored-A-Poot (\$3, The Zoo), goose (\$48), and geese (\$7 each, Schwarz). Bottom row, kangaroo (\$38.50, Sals), Bob O-Gee club, with bark moccasins and ribbon for use or snow (\$14, Marshall Field), and a game named Melt (\$23, Sals).







But on a high, hollowed tree trunk, perched with Puma's island white Lacemakers (\$7, Miller's); right, a pole-top to the manner of Indian primitives (\$20, Karl Marx) and, below, original oil by St. Arlet André Rongas (Monterey Gallery), a modern version of a tropical planter's redwood chair has accents suggesting for foot-resting slung (\$48.50, Abercrombie & Fitch). On it, natural fur pillow, vogue-backed, trimmed with black glove leather (\$48.50, L. Magrell) and a tapered pillow (\$10, Jones Bros.)

Watermark, left, is by St. Arlet Frank Golden (\$150), on the ground, cotton pillows (\$10.00 each, Tooties & Blonds), ceramic fish tank (\$12, Little Puppets). Dental ship's lantern is securely on ice bucket (\$20, Phelps-Tucker), and leather duster securely a footstool (\$85, Abercrombie & Fitch). And Gully is, as it speak, as and in herself, a reproduction of a sculpture by Jo Reed (\$130, Midson House). The canoe-like dory at her feet is a dorytop (\$27.50, Crossroads of Space). Table is topped with crocheted chair of your choice (\$34.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); on it, 12-bore-cartridge submachine and paper mill (\$34, Van Kappel-Round, Zahn rug is \$92.50 (Jones Bros.) and the postcardist bowling ball \$40 (et al. Brunswick desk-top). The Puma Kachina doll is made by Dept. Indians (\$42.50, Fred Harvey). The basket behind it is made of plastic (\$75, HomeGoods). Eight-paved Terry More TP runs on batteries, heat, car battery (\$200, Holmes-Morris). The colorful line is a Mexican pillow, though it would take a hard heart to break him for a soft head—he costs \$250, 27-inches \$25 (La Pizana). In town, Mexican kintango (\$15, Phoenix Poo American), beard for paper dolls (\$4, Phelps-Tucker). The Indian screen before tapestry is for napkins (\$10.75, Macy's), have it holds a Seneca mix rug, edged with coral symbols (\$30, Karl Marx). On the stump, a Mexican tin tree (\$11.50, Phoenix Poo American).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NINA LEEN

WHERE TO SEND YOUR CHECKS

Below, in alphabetical order, are the stores previously mentioned, with their mail-order addresses. Prices do not include postage unless "ppd." follows the address.

Robert Abels, 860 Lexington Ave., New York 21 (ppd.)

Abercrombie & Fitch, 360 Madison Ave., New York 20; 9 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, 220 Post St., San Francisco

Alaska-Arctic Furs, 1517 Fifth Ave., Seattle (ppd.)

American Motor Scooter, 7 Park Ave., New York 16

Aspen Leaf, 221 Detroit St., Denver 6

L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me. (ppd.)

Bianchini Gallery, 16 E. 78 St., New York 21

Bloomingsdale's, 1000 Third Ave., New York 22

Bon Marché, Third and Pine, Seattle

Crossroads of Sport, 5 E. 47 St., New York 17

Famous-Barr, 6th and Olive, St. Louis

Gano-Downs, 16th and Stout, Denver

Francis Golden, Godfrey Road, Weston, Conn.

Groves Archery, 408 Virginia S.E., Albuquerque

Grump's, 250 Post St., San Francisco (ppd.)

Fred Harvey, Indian Building, Albuquerque

Harvey Radio, 103 W. 43 St., New York 36

J. L. Hudson, Detroit

Thomas Jeter, 701 W. Main St., Richmond

Jonas Bros., 1507 12th Ave., Seattle 22

La Piñata, 2 Patio Market, Albuquerque (ppd.)

Little Portage, 15 Christopher St., New York 14

Macy's, Herald Square, New York 1

I. Magnin, San Francisco; Portland, Seattle

Karl Mann, 677 Fifth Ave., New York 22

Marshall Field, Chicago

Meldan House, 305 E. 63 St., New York 21

Meyers, 340 West Main St., Lexington, Ky.

Miller's, 123 E. 24 St., New York 10

Navajo Arts & Crafts, Window Rock, Ariz. (ppd.)

Neiman-Marcus, Dallas 1

Nelson's Folly, 1092 Second Ave., New York 22

Paper Mailer, 55 Greenwich Ave., New York 14

Phoenix Pan American, 793 Lexington Ave., New York 21

Phelps-Terkel, 5550 Wilshire, Los Angeles 36 (ppd.)

Saks Fifth Ave., 611 Fifth Ave., New York 22

F.A.O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22

Textiles & Objects, 8 E. 53 St., New York 22 (ppd.)

Van Keppel-Green, 116 S. LaSalle, Beverly Hills (ppd.)

Westchester Country Club Pro Shop, Rye, N.Y.

White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Conn.

The Zoo, 45 Christopher St., New York 14

Gills operate equip. spasms for a variety of allergy patients. Sealing, for example. Greater, left of center, is called—perhaps "foldable" in more accurate—folded, 70 by 32 by 16, 10 pounds, it stores handsily in car, boat or plane (\$27). American Motor Scooter Corp. Below it is a car rack (\$4.85, L. L. Bean). For gun or rods, the gun or rod is a Civil War map of Sharps' carbine (\$18.50, Robert Abels). Below that, a fold-down bow (\$187 with case and arrows, Stevens Archery). To the right, wild strawberries, 12 pints to an order (\$9, White Flower Farm). Scatter-

disks from plants, a French-couch lawn (\$35, Thomas Jeter). Mittens are here and with leather palm (\$14, Jones), and coat hanging bag when is a dog's french coat (\$12.50, Saks). Dog collar displays foreign car magazine (\$9.20). With head (\$3.25), of Saks. Furry for leg robe is barbed and backed with twine, bound in black gloves (\$29, I. Magnin). It hangs from a leg out with a foot cover. Two cover rest (\$4, Aspen Leaf). Custom-made bracelet riding coat is \$200 at Rogers. Hanging on line, strap-on-woman (\$11, Miller's). Above them, ready-made coat has Velcro closing

(\$4, Saks). Quakers are for sweater short (\$7.75 each, Saks). Fish in tree are under water targets for slingshot-type spear gun (\$20, A&T). Umbrella, closed, becomes a shooting stick, if you operate in the tree you have a dishon to make (\$15, A&T). Heavy handling, as free, is \$10.45 at Miller's. Rascals climbing away are climbing knicker of wide wide readiness (\$18.50, Gano-Downs). They wear at their belt a transferable mobile folder (\$249.50 a set, Harvey Radio). Knicker yards \$7 (Gano-Downs). Reversible jacket is blue or high-waisted yellow, and bologna, to protect

you from water, whether it is falling on you or you have fallen into it (\$40, Phelps-Terkel). Bag, upper left, is adaptation of Indian sand painting (\$15, Stevens Arts & Crafts). Below it is a transferable map-photo, very loud (\$16, Phelps-Terkel). Bag below it is a dory bag (\$4.90, L. L. Bean). Antique design peering out are a dory-head wagon (\$74.50) and Delaware River motor (\$42.50, both at Nelson's Folly). On the end of the line, a knee-on-launcher for machine (\$14.25, A&T). The attached row is fitted with a fold-down fly and for trout creelmen (\$27.50, A&T).

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LANVIN**

Extract and Toilet Water

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Texans lead the way as the U.S. picks a team



E G. ROBERT NAIL

♠ 10 8 6 3 2
♥ Q
♦ J 10 4 3 2
♣ J 5



S IRA RUBIN

♠ Q
♥ A 7 5
♦ Q 9 5
♣ K Q 10 8 6 3

The name of the plush Phoenix hotel where the U.S. International Team Trials was held last week as the Westward Ho, and from the way a couple of Texans changed through 14 other pairs of the country's best bridge players the tournament might as well have been called the Westward Ho, too. The unstoppable partnership was G. Robert Nail of Houston and James Jacoby of Dallas. Their victory made them impressive members of the six-man U.S. team that will play in the World Championships in St. Vincent, Italy next June. With them will be Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson of Philadelphia, and Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt of New York, the pairs that finished second and third, respectively, in the trials.

Winning when the competition is toughest is nothing new for 39-year-old Bobby Nail. He was on our last World team and was the only member of that

THE BIDDING			
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♥
PASS	2♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	4♥	PASS	5♦
PASS	5 N T	PASS	6♠
PASS	7♠	PASS	PASS

E-W 3rd. Opening Lead: 5 of spades

squad who was also able to qualify for the present trials. But Jim Jacoby, 29, the son of Oswald Jacoby, has never before won an event of such standing. This time, with father Oswald—who didn't qualify for the trials—on hand to give parental support, Jim came through.

So unshakably did Jacoby and Nail maintain a winning pace that after only the 13th of the 15 required rounds of play they had assured themselves of a position on the U.S. team. Never in the tournament's six days did they stand lower

A tense, testing playoff in Phoenix produces a six-man World Championship squad that has a strong blend of youth and experience, likes simple bidding and could jolt the Europeans



W JAMES JACOBY

♠ K J 5
♥ J 10 8 2
♦ K 8 7 6
♣ 7 2



N PHILIP FELDESMAN

♠ A 5 7 6
♥ K 9 6 5 4
♦ A
♣ A 9 4

than third. They played throughout with an excellent blend of caution and consistency, and, perhaps most important of all, they refused to be rattled when struck by the kind of disconcerting disaster that can unwind even the steadiest of partnerships. Getting hit with a hand like the one shown here is like being staggered by a sneak punch, and the way Nal and Jacoby ignored the damage says much for why they finished first.

Virtually all the players except Ira Rubin opened the bidding with the south hand. But, because he had passed initially, when the auction reached six clubs—which was the correct contract—Rubin felt that he had enough in reserve to try for the grand slam.

The grand slam contract turned out to be grandly successful. No expert likes to take a finesse in order to make a seven contract, and it is a scary experience to have to take one on the very first trick.

But Rubin saw no other chance for a 13th trick than to let Jacoby's low spade opening lead run to his lone queen. When this desperation finesse succeeded, declarer was able to discard a heart on dummy's ace of spades.

Reasonable care was still required, however. Rubin could not afford to draw trumps at once. He led to dummy's diamond ace, discarded a low heart on dummy's spade ace and came to his hand with the ace of hearts to trump a diamond. A spade ruff put him back in his hand to trump his last diamond. Dummy's club ace was cashed and a fourth spade led. Declarer ruffed this high in order to prevent a possible overruff. Then the club king dropped the outstanding trumps, and Rubin breathed deeply for the first time since the dummy went down. He had a top score, and there was nothing Nal or Jacoby could do, except suffer.

One of the early surprises of the trials

continued



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BRIDGE continued

was the success of Alvin Roth of New York and Mike Shuman of Los Angeles. The two had never formally met before they came to Phoenix, and both had qualified with all the other partners. A couple of hours' talk was all the partnership experience they had. The deal below, on which they fared very well, was especially interesting because spade contracts were played and made both ways of the table.

The bidding by Sidney Silodori and Norman Kay against Feldsman and Rubin was fairly normal. Kay ducked the first spade lead, won by West with the king, and West returned a heart. A finesse lost to East's king and a spade continuation would have given declarer considerable difficulty, but East returned a heart. Declarer led a low club. Now another spade lead was too late. Dummy's ace won, the finesse of the diamond jack succeeded, and diamonds were continued. East trumped the third round of diamonds with the spade queen, but the only other trick the defenders got was the jack of spades and declarer made three.

*Neither side
vulnerable
East dealer*

NORTH

♠ 9 8 7 2
♥ A Q J
♦ A Q 10
♣ 2 5 6

WEST

♠ K J 6
♥ 6 3 2
♦ K 5 4
♣ A 10 7 4

EAST

♠ Q 5 3
♥ K 10 4
♦ 8 3
♣ K Q 6 3 2

SOUTH

♠ A 10 4
♥ 3 8 7 5
♦ J 9 7 6 2
♣ 5

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Lefkowitz)	(Scholar)	(Roth)	(Kay)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♠
PASS	1♥	PASS	1♠
PASS	PASS	1NT	PASS
PASS	2♠	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 3 of spades

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Lefkowitz)	(Scholar)	(Roth)	(Kay)
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 2 of spades

At the table where Shuman and Roth held the East-West hands, Roth elected to open with a psychic spade bid on his three-card suit.

South won the trump opening with the ace and continued trumps. Roth bravely led a third trump and then led good clubs until North ruffed with the

13th trump North made the heart ace and exited with the queen. Dummy won with the king and cashed the fifth club. Then dummy's last heart was led to put North back on lead, and North was forced to surrender to West's diamond king, giving Roth his eighth trick. So, where three spades was made one way of the table for a score of 140, Roth made two spades for 110, playing the same suit with the other side's cards.

Nobody at the trials displayed quite the boldness of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Levitt of St. Louis, and for a long time it paid off. They were actually in first place, bidding with the kind of grand slam shown at right, a hand in which Mrs. Levitt found herself playing a seven contract while holding only two jacks. The opponents were the able California pair, Marshall Miles and Edwin Kantar.

The spade opening forced dummy to ruff, but the ace-king of hearts luckily dropped South's queen. Declarer cashed dummy's club ace, trumped a club to gain the lead and drew North's remaining trump with her jack. Dummy's diamonds and remaining high club were now good for the needed tricks.

It would be nice to report that this carried the Levitt pair to new heights. The fact is, the Levitts lost this match 9-1, falling out of serious contention.

North-South vulnerable East dealer

WEST
♠ 7 6 5 4 2
♥ J 8 5 4 2
♦ J 5
♣ 7

NORTH
♠ A K 10 9
♥ 10 9 7
♦ 10 7
♣ Q 9 8 6

EAST
♠ —
♥ A K 5
♦ A K Q 4 3 2
♣ A K 5 3

SOUTH
♠ Q J 8 3
♥ Q 5
♦ 8 6
♣ J 10 4 2

EAST (Dealer)	SOUTH (Partner)	WEST (Miss Feller)	NORTH (Miss)
7 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
7 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of spades

After this session Jacoby and Nail could coast, and Jordan and Robinson (at 26, the youngest player in the field) were hardly pressed to finish second. Meanwhile, Helen Sobel and I—buried

deep among the also-rans—took about our only positive action in the tournament as we played a strong final match against Gerald Michaud and David Carter, enabling Schenken and Levenstam to edge into third.

With the addition of the experienced Schenken-Levenstam combination, which played for North America in Buenos Aires in 1961, the U.S. has a nicely balanced team of youth and experience. None of the six players uses any of the much too popular pseudomodern bidding systems. Schenken-Levenstam, although they have an artificial club convention, have actually reverted to one of the earliest of contract methods, originated by Harold S. Vanderbilt. Furthermore, all three pairs are experienced partnerships. They have several months of practice and matches ahead, during which they will be guided by the very able team captain, John Gerber of Houston, and they should be ready by June 1963. I have an idea that they will hand our European friends, with their highly artificial conventions, a few rather pleasing—from the American point of view—surprises.

END

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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Toronto's wailing wall

**The normally decorous
horsey set is still simmering
over the snafu at the Royal**

A fuss about a fence disrupted the usually brisk pace of the Royal Winter Fair Horse Show in Toronto and strained relations between Canadians and Americans as they haven't been since the days of "Fifty-four forty or fight!" The incident occurred during the international puissance class, that dramatic event which usually demands both high and wide jumping. Traditionally, the tied horses finally jump off over a spread fence and a vertical obstacle, the latter usually a formidable-looking wall. In Toronto, however, three rails were placed in front of the wall by order of a committeeman and over the objections of the course designer. But none of the riders or coaches made a formal protest at the time the course was walked, so the class went on and the wall went up.

It was at 6 feet 9 inches for a jump-off between the two survivors—Canada's Tommy Gayford on Blue Beau, the horse that had cleared 7 feet 1 inch at New York's National, and the U.S.'s Frank Chapot on San Lucas. Gayford, still shaky from a concussion suffered in a prior spill, went first, but Blue Beau pulled down the blocks from the wall. San Lucas then cleared the wall but knocked down one of the poles in front of it. And then the fun began: Were they tied again with a knockdown apiece, which the Canadians claimed, or was San Lucas the winner since he had cleared the wall? Riders, teammates, coaches and committee members swarmed up the stairs and all over the jury box, arguing with feeling, logic and colorful gestures. They looked like the Keystone Cops in pink coats.

The Americans protested that the fence, with the poles, was illegal. The Canadians protested the American protest, since the U.S. riders had entered the class and jumped the wall. The course designer, as a protest against the orders

to place the rails, refused to have anything to do with the rest of the show. The Canadians then protested the third-place horse, a U.S. jumper, on the grounds that it had not been properly entered. In my opinion, the poles should not have been placed in front of the wall—but I also think the Americans, having failed to protest before the event, should have kept still afterward.

Meanwhile, though tempers did not cool, the show went on, and it was late in the evening when the winner of the puissance was announced: San Lucas and Frank Chapot. The applause from the largely Canadian audience was mild.

Although the decision went against Gayford there could be absolutely no doubt about his win in the international stake on the show's closing night. Unfortunately, Blue Beau had gone lame, but Gayford's teammate, Gail Ross, offered him her reliable favorite, Pinnacle, as a mount for the event. Gayford had never ridden the horse before but had a clean round, as did seven others. Three of these were wedged out on the first jump-off and Gayford and Pinnacle, the last to ride, went into the second jump-off, which was against him. He was clean again, beating out Mexico's Captain H. Zafarain on Goliath by a split second.

The night before, the Mexican pair had won the North American Championship, a new event on the international schedule, authorized for the first time by the FEI. Unfortunately, after a good build-up of qualifying classes, the championship itself was somewhat disappointing. Missing from the competition were Mister Solice and David Barker, the European champions; the horse had been sick and was not shown until the final qualifying event. He won that but missed qualifying for the championship by one point. Goliath, a greyhound-leon gelding with catlike ability, had been only a mild threat throughout the international circuit, but that night he was the only jumper to turn in two perfect rounds for the title.

END



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IN SEARCH OF GIANTS

Among the distinguished graduates of Dartmouth College, class of '32, Charles Atkins Mayo Jr., of Provincetown, Mass. is singularly blessed. He goes to work each morning in his bare feet and returns at night smelling like a tuna fish—for which he is paid \$100 a day. A poet and philosopher by training, a scientist by instinct, Charlie Mayo is a fisherman by birth and chance and choice. His is not a calling that is guaranteed to reward one unduly in worldly goods—savings in shoe leather and psychiatric fees aside—but Mayo is amazed and

more than a little bamble over the fact that he has made a living for 30 years doing exactly what he wants to do.

Charlie Mayo is a charter boatman and a good one, perhaps the finest tuna skipper on the Atlantic coast, although this is not a statistic that lends itself to the same precise measurement as Mickey Mantle's batting average, being more on the order of how many clams make a chowder. In song and story the northern tip of Cape Cod is famed for many things—Eugene O'Neill, lobsters, the Provincetown

continued





Players and the kookiest collection of boats. Dad, this side of San Francisco's North Beach—all of them tending to obscure the fact that big, hungry tuna inhabit the waters just offshore. As a result, a charter boatman seeking fame would be better advised to concentrate his energies on better-known tuna grounds, such as Wedgeport's legendary Soldier's Rip or Cat Cay in the Bahamas or the open Atlantic off Point Judith, R.I., to mention a few. Or better yet, forgo tuna altogether and fish for marlin off Hatteras and San Juan or for broadbill off Cape Breton and Montserrat. This, despite invitations from his clients, Charlie Mayo has refused to do. The reasons are simple enough. Mayo's passion for fish, once encompassing virtually everything in fins short of a 1949 Cadillac, has narrowed through the years until it now flares over only one species, these great brutal bullets of the sea, the giant bluefin. Beyond that, Charlie Mayo is a Cape Cod man and you couldn't pull him away from Provincetown with a 12/0 hook.

As a result, Mayo's fame has never spread far beyond Boston and Gloucester to the north or past the Cape Cod Canal to the south. But in the magic expanse of Cape Cod Bay no one can match Charlie Mayo's record for putting anglers on big fish. He caught the first giant tuna on rod and reel in Cape Cod Bay back in 1937, and in the years since has guided more fishermen to more tuna than all the Orleans and Brewster and Barnstable men lumped together. Five times in the last seven years his customers have won the Governor's Trophy for the largest tuna taken in Massachusetts waters. In local tournaments, before Mayo withdrew from these clamorous affairs altogether, his wake was often so full of other boats that the progress of *County III* toward the fishing grounds resembled the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*. His lures and baiting devices have been the object of espionage tactics more suited to a piece of Philip Wylie fiction than to actual fact. His charter book is so full that Boston executives consider themselves favored at finding a spot on the boat without making reservations a year in advance.

"I like to think that I could have been

equally successful wherever I might have fished," says Mayo in his cultured Yankee voice, "but that would have meant becoming a drifter. I love the Cape and I love tuna and both are here. I have a home and a family and a good life. What more could a man ask?"

Charlie Mayo could no more escape the sea than a squid. His family, on his father's side, were Grand Bankers and whalers; on his mother's, Yankee ship captains and Azores Islanders. An ancestor named John Atkins once toppled from a whaleboat into a whale's mouth. Spit up faster than Jonah went down, the old man was back fishing next day. A Mayo brought his schooner to port singlehanded, surrounded by the bodies of passengers and crew, every man jack dead of smallpox. The family goes back in America to Governor Prince of Plymouth Colony, and an early progenitor was the Rev. John Mayo, first pastor of Boston's Old North Church and a man who could fish as well as he could preach. "Maybe better," says Charlie.

As a boy, Mayo spent the summer months aboard his father's schooner, a drag fisherman under sail. Before he reached high school he was collecting 50¢ a head from tourists willing to take a chance in Charlie's sailing dory in order to view the wonders of Provincetown from the harbor side. Later his parents helped him buy a 28-foot sloop that he chartered for both cruising and the pursuit of fish. "We hand-lined for striped bass," says Mayo. "Sometimes we even caught a few."

With the money from his summer business, Charlie left the dazzling beaches of Provincetown and went off to Dartmouth and the hills of Hanover in the fall of 1928. Immediately he fell in love with the place. He learned to ski ("But not very well," he says) and became a disciple of Sidney Cox, an authority on Robert Frost. There was a time when Mayo thought that he might become a writer himself. "Dartmouth was good for me," he says now, "but, Lord, how I missed the sea. I would wake up at night and hear the waves on the beach—only they turned out to be dishes rattling in

the commons." He tried his hand at fiction after graduation in the spring of '32, but finally gave it up. "I couldn't stay away from boats," he says, "and boats and creative writing don't mix."

The boat in 1932 was a 41-foot Maine yawl named the *Isar*. Becalmed aboard her one night in Provincetown Harbor with 20 tourists threatening to feed him to the sharks, Charlie decided that it was time to see the world. He put an engine in the *Isar*, found a charter and set out for Florida. In the next five years Mayo cruised up and down the Atlantic coast, beyond Cuba and the Dry Tortugas and Grand Cayman to the south, first in the old yawl, then in a catboat, then in a ketch. Once, forced into port by a storm at Georgetown, S.C., and desperately in need of a crew, Charlie called up a girl he knew in New York named Isabel (Ing) Stahl and asked her to marry him. "I would never have made it back that time without her," he says. "She turned out to be such a good hand that I kept her on." Wherever Charlie went, with or without Ing, under power or sail, he fished. He caught dolphin and barracuda and wahoo and kingfish and bilfish in the south; on the Cape, in the summers, he became an expert on bass. But the more Mayo fished, the more fascinated he became with the idea of taking a giant tuna on rod and reel.

These were the days of Mike Lerner and Kap Farrington and Tommy Gifford in Wedgeport, of Ben Crowninshield in Ipswich, but Charlie Mayo didn't know Mike Lerner from a lobster, and he had to make all of the mistakes for himself. The only thing he knew was that the tuna were there. For years they had been caught in the traps of the Worthington Fish Company, sometimes huge ones weighing 600 and 700 and 800 pounds; once a fish that weighed more than 1,000 pounds was dumped ingloriously on the dock at the packing plant. So in the summer of 1937 Mayo bought a secondhand 12/0 Penn reel, filled it with 39-thread linen and hung it on an ancient bamboo pole. There is no record that the tuna fed in fright.

"Other people were trying to catch big fish, too," he says, "but they always missed. The bait was wrong, the methods

continued



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OF GIANTS *continued*

were wrong or something. I missed, too, for a while. But John Worthington encouraged me to keep going—and one day we hit. John and Ing and I were out in a little double-ender when a tuna struck a trolled squid. The fish weighed only 200 pounds, and we had it aboard in 20 minutes, but I never had so much fun in my life."

Back in port, Mayo bought another complete tuna rig and an old Crosby catboat, recently retired from the mail run between the Cape and Martha's Vineyard. Her name was *Ou Time*. "I don't think she was, very often," says Charlie, who renamed her *Chautey*. Fishing under sail, he caught big fish that fall—he began to find it easy—and almost starved to death. There were far more tuna than customers.

If Charlie's charter business developed slowly, his reputation hardly kept pace. He became known as a master seaman with a keen, probing mind; he was curious about the sea and everything that lived on its surface or beneath. On the Sunday morning when Pearl Harbor flamed, he was in port at Washington, taking aboard fish tanks on an assignment to collect specimens from southern waters for the Smithsonian Institution. "I'd been worrying about those poor devils they kept bringing ashore off torpedoed tankers," he says. "I felt that our ships should take advantage of the protection of the inland waterway. So I worked on that for a while, and then I went to the Caribbean with Nelson Rockefeller on a shipbuilding program designed to replace the interisland carriers that had been called up by war." In 1943 Charlie moved to Washington as civilian in charge of hull maintenance on the wooden PT boats. "The housing situation was terrible, so we lived on a 43-foot schooner tied up at the Capital Yacht Club. Our son was almost born on that boat. Ing just made it ashore. We called him Stormy. Actually, he's Charles Atkins Mayo III."

When the war ended, Charlie went back to the Cape and converted his old catboat to power, built a flying bridge and installed outriggers. The Boston newspapers began to write about his catches, and business boomed. In '49 he

bought a sports fisherman in Fort Lauderdale, brought her north and renamed her *Chautey II*, and for a while he tried to run two boats. "I had to give it up," he says. "I couldn't stand someone else fishing my customers." *Chautey III*, a 38-footer, was custom-built on the Cape in 1954, and not until then did Charlie sell the old Crosby catboat. It was off her in 1948 that Dieter Dix, then of the University of Chicago, caught a 751-pounder that is still the largest tuna ever brought aboard one of Mayo's boats. "That was a wonderful year," says Charlie. "So good that boats from other areas began to move in, and I never caught so many big tuna in my life. Two days after the 751-pounder, we caught another that weighed 749½."

While other fishermen were drifting their mackerel and herring down the slick of a chum line, or hounding the commercial drag boats that attract tuna to the trash fish dumped from their nets, Charlie Mayo was trolling. He has always believed that this is the sporting way to take big tuna. He has drifted baits from a kite and chummed and fished deep, too, when necessary, and he will do so today if he can catch tuna no other way. But the most rewarding hours of Mayo's life are those spent high on the flying bridge of *Chautey III*, cruising the Truro shore or the chop off Race Point or the waters outside Highland Light, the two big diesels rumbling beneath him, outriggers spread and baits skipping in the water astern. Beneath the long-billed swordfisherman's cap that covers his shaggy, graying head, Charlie's eyes sweep the water for 360°, missing nothing, searching for birds and whales and the smallest ripple that might lead him to big tuna fish. It is then that Charlie Mayo is as much hunter as fisherman, and it is then that he is at his best.

Mayo's predilection for trolling for tuna stems from the characteristics of the fish itself. The sea has produced nothing so near hydrodynamic perfection; a big bluefin is about as close to a ballistic missile with teeth as a fish can get. Its strike is a showering explosion of fury, followed by a screeching run of 300, 400, sometimes 500 yards. But if the strike comes fathoms below the boat

continued

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a great deal of the fun and excitement escapes the angler. Never having seen his prey, he can only watch the line disappear from the reel, fascinated at first, alarmed later, finally resigned to spending perhaps half a day pumping the great body out of the depths where it seeks to hide and where it seeks to return, after each run, with the determination of an elephant on its way to the burial ground. Not even Charlie Mayo will claim that a tuna approaches a big marlin for acrobatic entertainment, but he tries to fish in a way that forces the bluefin to approach on the surface, to strike on the surface and to fight much of its great fight on the surface.

Mayo has troiled everything from plugs to baits to feathers to Ing's best hotband, fast and slow, near and far,

from outrigger and straight back and in combinations of all kinds. There were days when he was tempted to troll one of his mates. Often the tuna would strike anything; at other times, even when the surface boiled with big fish, nothing seemed to work. Until one day, testing, probing, trying, Charlie came upon the answer—and everything fell into place. "It was like magic," he says. The solution was a series of varied, multiple skip baits.

Whether others were working on the same system at the same time Charlie has no way of knowing. Off Wedgeport and in pursuit of big-eyed tuna off Chile, fishermen have long used strings of four or six or eight bait fish on one leader, sometimes as a teaser in conjunction with single baits on another line, sometimes as the primary lure. But Mayo knew nothing of this, if indeed such experiments were being carried on elsewhere as long ago as 1937; to his own satisfaction, at least, he fathered the device alone at that time. By 1940 he felt that it was perfected and that all of the really pressing problems were solved; how many multiple baits for each line, the type of bait and the correct combinations to use, how many lines, how far apart the baits should be, how fast to move them through the water, how to rig them for proper action, how to make the tuna strike the hooked bait in the series, how to insure that the baits ahead of the hook would pop off at the moment of strike so that no other tuna or shark would make a pass at these now-useless appendages and sever the line.

"I began to take fish with the multiples when everything else failed," Mayo says. Through the years he has varied his techniques, as a fisherman will; he has hand-carved wooden plugs patterned after the multiple baits, and some of these are gorgeous indeed, including a series decorated in pastels by one of Charlie's Provincetown neighbors, the Dutch painter Nanno de Groot. Two Governor's Trophy fish were caught on these artificials, and the Nyberg Products Company now offers a line of rubber lures that are remarkably true to the originals in action and detail. But Mayo feels that the baits he discovered and perfected back in

continued

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OF GIANTS

those days before the war are still the best. The primary ingredient is the squid, to man's eye at least one of the less attractive morsels of the sea. In series with other squid or in combination with mackerel and herring, however, this many-tentacled cephalopod is irresistible to a tuna, particularly when sewed and tied to one of Mayo's leaders with Aunt Lydia's green carpet thread. So many spoils of Aunt Lydia's carpet thread lie around *Chauncey III* that she sometimes looks less like a boat than a rug factory. With three lines trailing at varying distances, and with each line usually carrying four baits of different combinations—although almost always anchored by a squid—the wake of *Chauncey* must look like a 10-course dinner to a big blucfin.

"It's a wonderful thing to see," says Charlie. "We still get quite a few blind strikes—I guess you can never eliminate that, nor would you want to, completely—but so often you see the fish approach, up the wake from dead astern. He's pushing water ahead of him like a miniature submarine. Then he begins to move faster—and then he strikes. There's quite a commotion. A lot of things happen in a rather short time, and each time I get the same thrill as I did with the first."

When rival charter boatmen moved into Cape Cod Bay after the war, their curiosity was piqued, quite naturally, by Mayo's success, and in pursuit of the recipe they converged like a pack of wolves. Two Boston men entertained Charlie one morning until 2 a.m., hoping that something would slip on an olive. Nothing did. Strangers began to book charter on his boat, strangers with unusually sunburned necks and fish scales under their nails. "I became a very suspicious man," Mayo says. "Every customer was guilty until proved innocent. I began to feel like J. Edgar Hoover." Other sports fishermen would run up *Chauncey's* wake, right on top of Mayo's baits, peering into the water with binoculars like sightseers on a double-decker bus. "I had to stop the boat so often to let my baits sink out of sight that I hardly had time to fish," he says. Once a Gloucester man hired a float plane and came swooping perilously low across the water from astern. "He was

throttled back, and I didn't see him until he passed the boat," says Charlie. "I almost fell off the bridge, I was so surprised. He circled around, looking down into the water, and of course it did me no good to slow the boat since he could see the baits anyway. But I guess he must have been going too fast to be effective. So the fellow had the effrontery to land that seaplane right alongside me, and then he stepped out on one of the pontoons. I felt like ramming him. We just pulled the baits in and left."

Mayo gives his mates a great deal of credit for protecting his secrets through the years. Most of them were college boys: Henry Wallace was the son of the late editor of the *Louisville Times*, Rocky Holman graduated from Annapolis and became a commander in the Navy, Nick Swords was another Naval Academy man, Gayle Charles of Yale later served as a mate with Irving Johnson on the *Yankee's* around-the-world cruise and eventually went into business in South Africa; Richard Strachan received a master's degree from MIT, where he now works as a metallurgist, Bob White graduated from Wesleyan, went through the Rhode Island School of Design and now manages the children's art museum in Louisville. "There were others, and they were all loyal," says Mayo. His current mate, and a genius at sewing and rigging a multiple skip bait, is Bob Tobin, a junior at Boston College. The mates in later years have always had a partner in Stormy, who is now a sophomore at Dartmouth and, according to Charlie, "the best mate of all." After graduation Stormy probably will become a marine biologist; already he is working with the scientists at Woods Hole, supplying them with the eyes of big fish, particularly tuna, for a cornea-transplant program.

To Charlie the most amusing thing about all the cloak-and-dagger tactics surrounding his baiting system is that he would probably have been only too happy to pass his discoveries along to others had they approached him in the proper way. This is exactly what he did with several favorite customers who owned

continued



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Par de Groat and Mayo pose happily with the 516-pound tuna she caught from his boat to win the Governor's Trophy for 1955 last year.

OF GIANTS *continued*

boats of their own. And this is what he finally did, unwittingly, to a fellow charter boatman who was no friend. A customer whom Mayo considered above suspicion came aboard. The man was allowed to watch the entire process. He also caught a big fish. "Two days later I was listening on the radio telephone when a charter boatman out of Wellfleet got onto a big tuna. One of the druggers asked him what the fish hit. The man described one of my baits, perfectly. It seems that he was a very close friend of my ex-customer."

With his emphasis on the effectiveness of the multiple skip baits, Mayo is being unfair to himself. The man and his knowledge are far more important than

any one method of taking fish. As much as it is given any man to know the habits of big tuna, Charlie Mayo knows what tides and what currents to work and what ledges and shoals they inhabit for miles around; he knows where they are most likely to be with a fresh sou'wester sending a frothy chop against *Chowey's* bow; he knows where they run when the wind dies and the bay turns from gray to green to an iridescent blue. He has developed an ecology of the tuna, its relations with whales and sharks and birds.

"Phalaropes and petrels mean nothing, I have decided," he says, "but a particular combination of shearwaters and terns means big fish. I look for sharks lying on the surface. It's normal to as-

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sume that tuna are the prey of sharks, when actually the relationship is almost the other way around. A giant tuna has only one real enemy, the killer whale, he is much too fast and powerful for a shark. Frequently you will find a big blue shark being taunted by tuna, who seem to delight in making passes at his tail. Under certain conditions I also look for tuna alongside linbeck and humpback whales. The whale is smart enough to capitalize on the confusion that occurs when tuna attack a school of bait fish. It is almost as if he were using the tuna to herd his prey."

With all his skill, however, Charlie Mayo has never been able to catch a tuna weighing more than 800 pounds, certainly nothing close to the world rod-and-reel record, a 977-pounder hauled in by Commander Duncan Hodgson of Montreal in St. Ann Bay, Nova Scotia, on a September day in 1950. He has caught a number of tuna weighing more than 700 pounds and once caught three 600-pounders in one day. But always the monster fish eludes him. "I almost had him once," Charlie says, "a fish that might have weighed 1,200 pounds."

It happened two summers ago. "I was watching one of the multiples, when suddenly the whole string disappeared," Charlie says. "There was no strike; it was more like some huge fish had opened its mouth to create a vacuum and suck the baits in. That's probably what happened. The fish didn't run like a tuna. He went straight down. Then he came back up. 'Probably a big mako,' I thought. Before he reached the surface, he turned and went down again. Then he came up once more—and this time he came out of the water. Lord, what a fish. The biggest tuna I've ever seen."

"He was well over 10 feet long, and the section just ahead of his tail was a series of abnormally big knobs, like the fingers of an arthritic old man. John Worthington later told me that the 1,000-pounder caught in their nets back in the '30s had this same deformity or growth on its tail. Anyway, he was huge. He had to weigh well over 1,000 pounds. We had him on for 35 minutes, and he surfaced three times. The last time I knew we were going to lose him. He had the 15-foot leader

and most of the double line wrapped around him, and it was just a matter of time before he broke off."

"I didn't feel too bad about it, strangely enough. Where there is one fish that size, there must be others. And maybe he'll come back some day—if he hasn't died of old age."

Because he hopes to catch a fish this size before he quits and because, like most charter boatmen, he frequently fishes beginners, Mayo has never been a noisy advocate of light tackle. He carries light equipment on the boat and once used it extensively on school fish, but seldom anymore. He has learned with experience. One day a New York housewife named Louise Schwartz was aboard with a party of friends. Charlie located a school of 150-pounders and Mrs. Schwartz was prevailed upon to take her turn in the chair. No sooner was she seated than a big tuna came in and gobbled up the bait.

"She fought him for half an hour," Charlie remembers, "and then she said she'd had enough, that someone else could bring him in. Well, naturally, we discourage that sort of thing. 'If you don't want him, I'll cut him off,' I told her. You know women, this stiffened her backbone and she stayed with him. She fought him for 9½ hours on that light tackle and a couple of times had him up close enough for us to get a good look. That fish would have been a world record for women, we all agreed that it weighed more than 900 pounds, and a plane that was flying over, watching us, thought so too. Finally, just when the leader was almost to the boat, he broke off."

"When we got back to the dock, everyone in town was there. The plume had called the newspapers, and they all wanted stories. Mrs. Schwartz just said, 'Look, all I want to do is get home to my children. I never want to see another fish again,' and she left."

"Four days later she called me up. 'I have some friends I'd like to take out,' she said. 'I don't want to fish, but I do enjoy the boat ride and the scenery, and the other day I was so busy with the blamed fish I didn't get to see a thing.' So I found a spot for them and they all went out, the friends fishing away and

c. continued



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OF GIANTS *continued*

Louise riding with me up on the bridge. And first thing you know we got into a school of tuna again.

"They tried to get Louise to fish, but she said no. Then they began to kid her, telling her that she had never really caught a tuna, and that these small ones were easy to catch. So finally she goes down. And what do you know. Bam! This big one, about 600 pounds, comes boiling up, shouldering those school fish aside, and he grabs her bait. And off we go again. She fought this fish six hours before he dropped off. Can you imagine that? She was on big tuna for more than 15 hours and what did she have to show for it? Not even a scale. So I don't use light tackle much anymore."

If there is one thing that endears Charlie Mayo to the fishermen who charter him, it is his fanatical determination that they catch fish. When every other boat is back in port, tied down for the night, Mayo is often still fishing—even when the customers want to go home, too. A long day without fish is a challenge, a favorite client who gets skunked a calamity that Charlie can hardly bear. His longest fight with a tuna stemmed from such a situation.

Dr. Stan Eldred, a Massachusetts physician, had been out with Mayo before. He had caught a number of fish up to 200 pounds but never a real giant. Once, while fishing a new rod and reel full of fresh line, Eldred noticed a less experienced angler, Dr. Peter Halberg of New York, using older equipment. He offered to exchange. Dr. Halberg accepted—and a few minutes later hooked into a 600-pound tuna that was to win the 1956 Governor's Trophy. So a couple of years later, when a 500-pounder bit Eldred's bait one day shortly after lunch, Charlie was determined to get the fish in.

"He was a brute, though," Mayo says. "Tuna this size frequently fight harder than the larger ones, and this fellow was just as tough as they come. He ran toward a drag boat and went underneath her. Then he went for another. And, by golly, if he didn't run under a third. It was a miracle the line didn't catch on one of those keels, but each time it slipped free, and finally Stan stopped him and he went down. I was worried

about that line, so we eased off the drag and played him as lightly as we could. When we finally regained enough line to see where he had run under those draggers, there was red paint all over the thing. So we decided to ease off the drag some more. By then it was dark, but Stan wanted to fish and I did, too.

"We fought him all night. We were just off Race Point when he struck. He took us about seven or eight miles north, and then he turned and headed toward Highland Light. We went with him for another seven miles or so, bringing him close to the boat several times but unable to hold him there. And just at dawn he decided to run up on shore. He went over the Peaked Hill Bar and into a slough, and I either had to go with him or lose him. I wasn't sure the *Chawry* could make it, but we just scraped across. That crazy fish went right up into the breakers on the beach and then he turned and headed for deep water again. I knew we couldn't afford to let him go down anymore—the line would never stand the strain of pumping him up again—so I pushed everything forward and managed to head him off. We went back and forth in that shallow water for another hour, the boat between the fish and the ocean, and finally we wore him out. That tuna was on for 19 hours, and Stan never once left the chair.

"When we reached the dock, my next party was waiting to go out. So we put Stan and his fish ashore, loaded up these people and off we went. We caught a fish that afternoon that weighed more than 600 pounds and we brought him to gaff in 45 minutes."

Charlie Mayo hopes that such moments as these, the kind to make memories for a man who loves big fish and the sea, will never disappear from his life, and that Stormy and Stormy's children will be able to live them, too. But he is worried. In recent years commercial fishermen have introduced the purse seine to Cape Cod Bay, and it is not inconceivable to Mayo that someday the great tuna will be there no more. "These men have set their seine around me while I was fighting a fish," he says,

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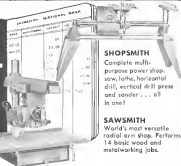


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OF GIANTS continued

"and with one setting they can clean out an entire school. I realize that they have a right to make a living, too, but some things must be held sacred in this life of ours. A man's right to catch a big fish on rod and reel is one of them."

"They are going to make part of Cape Cod a national park, and I feel that the waters off Cape Cod, at least on the bay side, should be included in the program. The trap fishermen are all right; they have been here for more than a hundred years, long before the sports fishermen, and in all that time they haven't decimated the schools. But don't think that it isn't possible for the seiners to clean out every tuna in Cape Cod Bay in a couple of seasons. Some people believe that the supply of migratory fish such as the tuna is inexhaustible. Well, I don't feel that way. I know better. Already there are fewer school fish than ever before."

"If Massachusetts or the Federal Government will close the bay to the seiners from Cape Cod Canal to a point opposite Race Point, then the commercial men can have everything else around—and there's a lot of ocean out there. Then we can all live together in peace, and men who want to angle for big tuna will still have their chance. If I quit the charter boat business tomorrow, I would still feel the same way. I'm just one man, and I don't count. But the fish count. They are important to a lot of people besides Charlie Mayo."

It is quite possible, however, that they are more important to Charlie Mayo than to anyone else. When the big tuna are gone, in the fall, and Stormy leaves for Dartmouth, Charlie and Ing leave, too—Ing to set up housekeeping for the winter in Fort Lauderdale, Charlie to skipper the *Little James*, a 65-foot yacht belonging to Mrs. John Brooks of New York, through the warm waters of Florida and the islands to the south. It is a pleasant life; the Cape is cold and lonely with the big fish gone. But Charlie begins to itch when April rolls around.

"I'm usually back on the Cape by May," he says. "The tuna don't arrive until late June, but there's a lot of work to be done first. And sometimes they arrive early. I just like to be there when they come around."

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Surely, she isn't serious! What she really means about the "crux of the whole matter" is that while Buster is starting, fumbling and falling—the gang's supposed to stand around and wait. And what really makes it rough is that he probably didn't like the idea in the first place!

Why doesn't Mrs. Ross quit kidding herself? Or has she forgotten there used to be something called "rugged individualism" kicking around on the vacant lots?

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Sirs:

That thing in this world which seems to me to be the most diverting, making the most mirth, being the best pastime is not sport, but something called success. To establish low standards so that everyone could claim success would be ridiculous.

One cannot savor the thrill of succeeding where he once failed unless there is that failure in the first place. Failure, in itself, is not so bad; it's the resignation to failure that dooms men, nations and little boys. Therein lies the lesson of the Soft American.

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Sirs:

I am with Mrs. Ross 100%. One of my sons warmed the midjet football team bench and in discouragement dropped out. My other son tried out for junior high football, was outwitted, so he dropped out. What can we do with a community so football-mad that the objective is only to win the game—not teach the sport or sportsmanship? I don't want either of my sons to be a football hero, just a well-rounded boy.

Mrs. HOWARD MITCHELL

Findlay, Ohio

TOGGERS. ANYONE?

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* with Allan Seager's hilarious and brilliant reminiscence of

sports at Oxford (Oct. 29). As a fellow victim of Oxford rowing I consider it a masterpiece of accurate reporting as well as being as witty a bit of writing as I've read in many a day.

RAYMOND MASLEY

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Seager calls his piece *The Joy of Sport* and he ends up by saying it was fun. Somehow we in America have lost the fun and joy—on the playing field and in the stands. It's fun to sit in a green meadow and watch cricket even if you don't understand it. Torpids and Eights are fun. In America it's exciting (maybe), dramatic (maybe), perhaps rather grim—but certainly not fun. So this is why I don't go to football and never have a clue who's doing what in the World Series. But I did read Seager and it was fun.

SHELDON VANAUKEN

Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

I was particularly interested since, being an old swimming Blur, I had seen the race Seager described at the Bath Club.

I was rather disappointed that, after pointing the finger at Oxford's amateur attitude towards training in the various sports, Seager did not stress the important point that participation by the many is regarded as being better than excellence by the few—that every college has two teams in practically all the sports, and almost everyone who is not actually lame plays something or other at least four or five times a week.

K. R. ALLEN

Old Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

I must confess I looked down my nose a bit at the English method of training their teams and conducting competitive athletics at the college level when I was in attendance at the university. However, in later years, as I have observed the intense specialization, as well as the commercializing of our collegiate sports here in the U.S., I have sometimes wondered if the English system, in the final analysis, might not be a better training athletically for a greater number of our American young men.

HUBSON MOORE JR.

Denver

Sirs:

As an old Oxonian, I too have run along the towpath watching Toggers in the cold wind at the start of Hilary term. And Eights

Week from the Balliol barge. It's too bad Allan Seager didn't go out for Rugger, for then he could have described that mild little parlor game: the fair-headed, bare-headed English boys, in shorts. No helmets and other heavily armed equipment. And no cheering, no vulgar excitement, only now and again a well-bred voice from the bleachers saying—not shouting—"Aah, well played, Oxford!" or "Well fallen, Cambridge!"

Also when he was describing the public baths in Merton Street he should have told about the crocodile of little schoolboys on Saturday mornings, carrying their towels, a follow-the-leader line with a master in front. One of my Australian Rhodes scholar friends used to stroll down the High from his digs to Magdalen, his college, for a bath, wearing a bright-colored dressing gown, his towel slung around his neck like a scarf, the way the undergrads wear their little black gowns. And nobody ever turned to look at him twice! That is Oxford!

It all re-creates itself vividly as I read. As if I could put the clock back. As if the Australian Rhodes scholar I just mentioned had not been killed in the war—a very brilliant young man, who had been elected a Fellow of All Souls. As if others had not died, or been lost touch with. As if the dons, my tutors, had not grown old or retired—Mr. Ridley, now living in Bristol, sometimes lecturing over the BBC. A year or so after I was at home again, teaching—yes, I was one of that breed Allan Seager despised, but I didn't ride among the flocks of bicycles traveling up and down the High behind the red buses, and my clothes were bought in Boston, Mass., not from Webber's or Elliston's—I ran into an American Rhodes scholar I had known and we talked Oxford, and I asked if he didn't want to go back (I had been back that summer), and he said, "No—too many ghosts!" which is how I feel now, between laughing and remembering.

But I am delighted with the article! I'd also like to mention that, in my own old age, I have become a Boston Celtics fan, and I read with great interest those articles on the NBA. I hate to face the fact that the Lakers may be the new dynasty. But I had to listen to a game where they pretty well trounced the Celtics. I want to think of Bob Cousy and Bill Russell as invincible and immortal (immortal in the literal sense of existing forever just as they are now). Then I have to laugh again, this time at myself, the American to whom sports are a deadly serious business. Not simply fun, as at Oxford.

MAVIS C. B. MCGANN

New London, N.H.

THE HAIR OF THE DOGS

Sirs,

The Undertaker Have Made It (Nov. 12)—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's finest article. Oh, I wish I could have been around when NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle read it; how he must have winced. People may ignore it, the NFL may try to kill it, New York sports writers may defame it, but in three years the American Football League has pulled a miracle.

Tom Lips

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs,

Robert Boyle mentioned in his absurd article that the best of the AFL could beat the middling-to-poor of the NFL. Does he really think that the AFL could even begin to stop such stars of this bracket as J. D. Smith, Bill Kirtner, Jon Arnett, Dick Bice, Sonny Jurgensen, John David Crow, Sonny Randle, Jim Brown, Tommy McDonald and Bobby Layne, among others? Now, really, the AFL is improving, but it's hardly up to NFL caliber!

SID GOLDSTEIN

San Francisco

Sirs,

I was considering letting my subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED expire because you have "ignored" the AFL for these many months. Now all is forgiven with your coverage of the AFL and the Buffalo Bills.

CATHERINE C. KURTZ

Buffalo

Sirs:

The AFL is better than the NFL? Forget it. Big deal, Buffalo came back in the last 10 minutes to win 45-38. If I were trying to boost the AFL I certainly would not reveal this fact because it shows a very good example of the lousy defense in the American League.

I hope that there is a World Series between these two leagues so that Mr. Boyle will learn that the AFL is nowhere near the NFL in football!

BILL OTTO

Forest Hills, Pa.

Sirs,

The American Football League is here to stay. Give Buffalo a 55,000-seat stadium, four more years and, under the leadership of Owner Ralph Wilson Jr., it will become the best city in pro football.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Buffalo

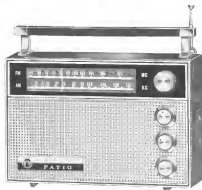
Sirs,

I certainly appreciate your comments about the new league. As Boyle indicated, the AFL has come a long way in three years and the interest in our various franchise cities is really unbelievable. Naturally, I was a little concerned the first couple of years of operation, but when I saw the large crowds that attended our preseason and regular-

continued



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15TH HOLE *continues*

season games this year I was convinced the American Football League was on its way to success.

The league will naturally get stronger each year as the teams improve and more rivalries are created and the people in the United States become more familiar with the various clubs. We are all going to fight hard this year to sign our share of the top college players so that we can field even better elevens next fall.

RALPH C. WILSON, JR.

Buffalo

BITTERSWEET

Sirs:

Please tell dear, sweet, disillusioned Jonathan Schwartz that the odds against his prediction ("The Celtics will win seven out of nine against the Lakers," 19th Dec., Nov. 12) have soared considerably after his "finest basketball team around" was outplayed and outshot and, oh yes, outscored by the Lakers in its first clash—and in Boston yet. The Lakers may not be "the finest professional team engaged in any sport today" but they're ahead of whoever's in second place in basketball circles. You'd better throw Mr. Schwartz's letter away, as I don't think he will want to read it again in April. Shame, shame, shame.

STEVE MALES

Los Angeles

SHOOTING STARS

Sirs:

I was interested in reading your spoof on the awarding of stars to football players at the Air Force Academy for exceptional plays (SCORECARD, Nov. 12).

Perhaps you might like to know that DeWayne (Dewey) King, Rutgers backfield coach, originated this idea three years ago. He spoke about it last winter at the NCAA meetings, and since then many colleges have adopted the idea.

Dewey, who calls interceptions "Jen-chicos," feels it is an ingenuite and an important moral factor. Last year Rutgers was first in the country in interceptions with 23, and first in yardage gained on interception returns with 405. We were undefeated and our pass defense certainly played an important role in our success.

It is not unusual nowadays for coaches to find little gimmicks that help the players over the long, hard grind of the season. Games are fun, but practices often are routine.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that big, strong, intelligent young men can be enthusiastic about these little stars and other such devices. Seems to me I remember our pilots during the war used to paint symbols of the planes they shot down on their fuselages.

LESLIE H. UNGER

New Brunswick, N.J.

YESTERDAY

Hey—What Do You Say We Have an Olympics?

When Dr. Godfrey Dewey told the Lake Placid Kiwanis Club their town should hold the 1932 Games they were horrified. Then things got worse

by EZRA BOWEN

During the planning and building for the 1960 Winter Games in Squaw Valley, the Olympic task force displayed awesome quantities of creative vigor. Where nothing had existed before, they created a winter-sports plant of unprecedented quality and value. But, in so doing, they also managed to create formidable amounts of confusion, litigation and despair. In this respect, they had a well-established precedent: the Olympics at Lake Placid, N.Y. in 1932.

This was, in world history, the III Olympic Winter Games. But in U.S. history it was not only the first Winter Olympics but also the first big-league winter-sports event of any kind. Hence no one in Lake Placid had the vaguest

idea what an Olympics was, or what it might mean for the town. No one, that is, but Dr. Godfrey Dewey, a gentle, bespectacled soul who was a power in the outdoorsy Lake Placid Club—and otherwise a Doctor of Education and rabid supporter of the simplified spelling school, whose influence still lives in the *Official Report* of the Games in such words as "finanst," as in to have paid for.

Like everyone else in Lake Placid, Dr. Dewey was aware that his home town, while charming, was—from an economic standpoint—strictly Dullesville. Especially in winter. Any tourist who appeared in this bleak corner of upper New York state was lost. Part of the tourist-repelling bleakness of Lake Placid was the

(continued)



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Olympics *continued*

snow and ice that appeared every winter. The natives had long since learned how to live with—and even enjoy—these conditions. As far back as 1905, the Lake Placid Club decided to keep one of its clubhouses open all winter for the vigorous types in town whose idea of relaxation was to galumph around the wooded trails on snowshoes. There was also a lively skating contingent that shoveled the snow off Mirror Lake to clear the surface for hockey or impromptu races. In 1918 the Lake Placid Skating Association held the eastern speedskating championships. Three years later the town put up a 35-meter ski jump costing \$1,700 and held a meet. And in 1927 the Lake Placid AC started a series of hockey matches with the best amateur teams in the U.S. and Canada.

It was all very robust, but hardly anybody came to watch, or to spend money in the village. It was with complete astonishment, therefore, that the town received, in 1927, a letter from the U.S. Olympic Committee. Would Lake Placid consider bidding for the 1932 Winter Games? No, said the city fathers, who for generations had been content to let snow melt alone. Why not? said Dr. Dewey, who was convinced that Lake Placid was already the winter sports capital of the U.S. (He was right. In those days any place that put on one or more ice-and-snow events was automatically the winter-sports capital of the U.S.) Lake Alec Cushing of Squaw Valley 30 years later, Dr. Dewey could see the snow packed down by thousands of visitors who would leave many more thousands of dollars in town, not only during the Games but for years after as they came to use the Olympic facilities.

On his own, Dr. Dewey headed off on a tour of European ski resorts—Chamonix, where the first Winter Games had been held in 1924, Gstaad, Mürren and finally St. Moritz for a live viewing of the 1928 Winter Olympics. Back home, on March 21, 1928 he rose before a combined meeting of the Lake Placid Kiwanis, the Chamber of Commerce and the Village Board to make his big Olympic pitch. At first, most of the representatives of the town's 4,000 souls were horrified, but Dr. Dewey gave it the old "anything St. Moritz can do we can do better."

"Housing is our biggest problem," admitted Dr. Dewey. But, he added, "the matter of sports facilities is practically



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THE
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satisfactory now." This was a bit of a stretch, but it carried the day. Lake Placid decided to go for the Games. Dr. Dewey got back on the boat a year later, headed this time for Lausanne, where the International Olympic Committee would decide who would get the prize.

These were still the gay, informal days of the Great Olympic Resort Lottery. The U.S. committee had not bothered to designate its own official choice. Therefore, besides foreign competition from Montreal and Oslo, Placid also had to out hustle Yosemite and Lake Tahoe (no resorts), Duluth and Minneapolis (no mountains) and Denver and Bear Mountain (no nothing). Mostly, however, Placid had to out hustle the California legislature, which had pledged up to \$3 million worth of help to whichever of the state's candidates got the Games. Using essentially the same modest, sporty approach Cushing was to employ in Paris in 1955—beautiful climate, beautiful terrain, Olympic ideal, guarantee to provide all facilities—Dr. Dewey again carried the day and came home a hero.

Practically nothing

But only briefly a hero. In the bleak light of May, the "practically satisfactory" sports facilities turned out to be practically nothing. The budget was, likewise, practically nothing. True, the New York legislature had talked earnestly about giving \$75,000 to build a bob run, but the state bought trouble instead. The proposed bob run turned out to be on state property, a situation which the New York Supreme Court promptly ruled unconstitutional. At this point the town of Plattsburg, for some unknown reason, stepped forward with a donation of \$500—not quite enough to build a garage for the bobsleds. Then things began to pick up. The North Elba Park District voted a \$200,000 bond issue, to which another \$150,000 was subsequently added. A new ski jump was built, and an alternate, nonlitigious bob run was staked out.

By the winter of 1930-31, one year before the opening, preparations were moving along in grand style. The new bob run on Mt. Van Hoevenberg was finished. New York State, despite a condition of general poverty following the market crash, had come up with a total of \$500,000. A Norwegian visitor to Placid named Bjorn Blix had been launched on a six-month boondoggle

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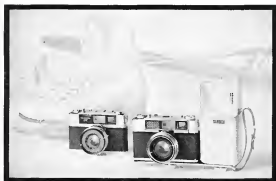
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Olympics *continued*

through Europe to make sure everyone knew how great Lake Placid would be. And finally the town, carried away by it all, invited 65 countries to come to the Games, including Egypt, Malta and Haiti, where few flakes of recorded snow had ever fallen.

On January 16, 1932, three weeks before the Games were to open, the main ice arena was dedicated, and everything in Lake Placid was ready. Everything,



GROTTUMSBRACHTEN FLAPS OFF JUMP

that is, but the weather. It was hot that winter in Lake Placid. For the 146 years of the history of the New York weather bureau, the upper reaches of the Hudson River had frozen solid every winter. This was the 147th year and the Hudson did not freeze. Nothing much else froze, either. Mirror Lake, where some of the ice events were to be held, had a smooth surface the consistency of vanilla ice cream. Some snow had fallen in early November, but little afterward.

The contestants had already begun to arrive, some bringing along their own cuisine (in the case of the Swedes, the hand-imported cuisine was a ghastly assortment of brown beans, salt herring, oatmeal and knackebrod). Those with skates crowded into the ice arena to grab whatever free space they could find for practice. The skiers—all of them were either jumpers or cross-country runners since Alpine skiing had not yet been designated as an Olympic event—strug-

gled along with whatever snow they could find. Some of the struggles were not very successful. One member of the Japanese team, whose general ineptness was one of the more spectacular features of the Games, fell down while skiing past the local schoolhouse. He was uninjured but, to the delight of the onlooking school kids, was unable to get up. As for the bobsledders, they could only look on morosely while the Mt. Van Hoevenberg run slowly melted and ran down Mt. Van Hoevenberg. Some of the teams attempted practice runs, among them the German team, which went over the lip at Shady Corner and hurtled down an 85-foot gully of mud.

The Games begin

Undismayed, Olympic officials decided to open the Games as scheduled, February 4. At 10 a.m. the Adams Empire State Band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and a parade of 364 athletes from 17 nations swung into the Olympic stadium. First came Austria, then Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France and Germany—one of whose leaders still had his arm in a sling from the bobsled debacle. Then came the seven from Great Britain, the girls laughing in their unmatched woolly greatcoats, the men shuffling slowly along in galoshes and marvelous tweed knickerbockers. Then came Hungary and Italy—giving a fascist salute—followed by Japan, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Sweden and Switzerland. Finally, the U.S. team of 107, largest of all, lined up in two platoons, smartly dressed in white peacoats and white peaked caps. As the American team marched out, New York's Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt (President Herbert Hoover had been invited for the launching but apparently figured that with the Depression he had enough troubles already) stood up and said, "I proclaim open the third Olympic Winter Games."

With that, 21-year-old Jack Shea, son of the Lake Placid butcher, showed what a local boy could do by whirling off with a gold medal in the 500-meter speed skating. A few hours later Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt showed what a game governor's wife could do by risking a ride down the rotting, slushy bob run. She made it and the 1932 Olympics were under way. Some of the results were prophetic, some pathetic and some downright exciting. A Swede, Sven Utter-

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Olympics Continued

strom, won the 18-km. cross-country and Finland's Veli Saarinen took the 50-km. A superb Norwegian, 19-year-old Birger Ruud, took the special jump and Johan Grottnusbraaten, another Norwegian, won the combined ski event (jumping and cross-country.) Japan took nothing but casualties. Two of their stalwarts did impromptu somersaults off the jump, one of them—Yoshi Takata—landing with such a sickening



BOSSLED RANGS AROUND SHADY

crunch that he was sidelined for the rest of the Games. Jack Shea took another gold medal in the 1,500-meter, and Irving Jaffee, a handsome man with the aquiline nose and moist eyes of a silent film star, scored a double in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races. Canada and the U.S. played a heart-stopping three-overtime-period tie in the hockey final—whereupon the McGill University team dropped in for an exhibition series and beat both countries. In another exhibition, a 25-mile sled dog race, some of the dogs had to be carted across the finish line on their own sleds.

If there was an element of farce at

Lake Placid there was also a strong surge of national interest. During the 10 days of competition 80,000 people sloshed around in the mud to watch. Among them were Admiral Richard Byrd, who had come up to scout for hardy souls for his next polar expedition; 53 state troopers, who did a masterful job of keeping order; and a handful of prohibition-type revenue officers who did no job whatever of keeping the party dry.

the world had ever seen. Attendant upon her were the first of the famous skating parents, a breed that came to rank somewhere beyond even stage parents in personal charm. Mrs. Henie was everywhere, visible and audible, telling her flawless daughter where to skate, even what to wear. Meanwhile, Herr Wilhelm Henie, a gigantic, beet-faced man, sat silently in the grandstands, like an immense cherry bomb ready to blow if the judging



CORNER—WHICH COULD HAVE USED MORE SHADE TO KEEP RUN FROM MELTING

Meanwhile, Ted Husing of CBS and George Hicks of NBC, clutching the kind of old wagon-wheel microphones that Alice Faye used to sing into, broadcast the events to millions of listeners, making the entire country aware for the first time that there was something to do in winter besides wait for spring.

By far the most popular events were figure skating and four-man bobsledding. In skating the main attraction was a lovely, apple-checked Norwegian blonde named Sonja Henie. At 15 she already had won a gold medal four years before in St. Moritz. Now she was not only the best in the world, but the best

went wrong. It didn't. Before 8,000 spectators, who had paid scalpers' prices of up to \$60 a ticket, Sonja won in a graceful waltz, finishing 144 points and two positions ahead of the best American, Maribel Vinson.

In keeping with the spirit of Lake Placid the biggest crowd, 14,000, showed up the day after the Games ended. This was because the schedule-minded committee had listed the closing ceremony for February 13. And even though the postponed four-man bobsled races had not yet been held, by golly, the committee was going to have the closing ceremony February 13 just like they said

continued

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Olympics

they would. So they did, and everyone officially agreed that this sure had been a swell Olympics. Then, as they were hauling down the Winter Games flag, which would not be raised again in the U.S. for 28 years, it finally began to snow. In fact, it blizzarded. The next day, with the Games over, the four-man bobsled was run off. The U.S. sled won, giving America six of the 14 gold medals (the U.S. had previously taken the two-man bob). The predominantly American



SONJA HENIE WAS BELLE OF THE GAMES

press corps invented its own point system, showing the good old U.S.A. had won the whole Olympics.

Then everyone picked up his medals and went home. It would be nice to say that Dr. Dewey's vision came altogether true—that Lake Placid not only got the Olympics but a flying start toward becoming the really and truly winter sports capital of the modern U.S. Unfortunately, Lake Placid never caught on. The original North Elba Park District \$200,000 bond was not finally paid off until last year. And on this winter day Dr. Dewey's dream resort is, comparatively speaking, only slightly less dreary and slightly more prosperous than it was in 1927.



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How The West Branded It The Greatest American Whiskey

EIGHTY-EIGHT years before this picture was taken, cowhands fought off Apaches, rustlers, stampedes, dust storms and mankilling heat to move those Texas longhorns into the High Plains of Colorado and Wyoming. After a month-long cattle drive, payday silver bulging their pockets, they reckoned only the best was good enough.

"Give us the greatest American whiskey you got," they'd holler at the bar-

keeper—and he'd produce a bottle of Yellowstone. The name stuck—and so has its reputation for "no-bite" smoothness. Today, cattlemen and cowpunchers are still heard to murmur, "That's right, no bite," after that first silky taste. *Mellow-mash Yellowstone is so sipping rich in bourbon flavor, yet so airy light in body.*

You'd understand how it's done if you saw how those Yellowstone people heap

in that extra golden grain, gentle it with limestone spring water, then catch only the lightest vapors in the distilling. Kentucky's mellow-mash Yellowstone pioneered the West for bourbon—and the West never let it get away. Why not pioneer The Greatest American Whiskey yourself?

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